



THEATRE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1918



YOU'VE had to blush recently at some of the shameless exhibitions of near-nudity on the New York stage. Of course you've laughed at it, not realizing the insidious danger of such spectacles—how they undermine the morals of your sons and daughters. A wave of salaciousness has swept over the stage this season. A commercialized theatre has resulted in the exploitation on the stage of commercialized vice. Managers greedy for the nimble dollar have proclaimed openly their intention of "going the limit." The worst passions are appealed to.

Tired of being respectable, Mr. Manager says he'll give the public what it wants, impudently setting himself up as a competent judge of what the public wants. Instead of producing plays with a spiritual uplift, he caters only to the depraved.

"I am not in business for my health," cries the manager. Neither is he in business to corrupt his neighbors.

The District Attorney is reported to have taken measures to lay the matter before the Grand Jury.

Read in our next issue the full story of this degradation of the drama, brought about by managerial greed!



ONLY one thought is uppermost nowadays in American minds—the boy in khaki. He is three thousand miles from home, amid foreign surroundings and temptations never encountered before.

Many a mother has a heavy heart worrying not only about the enemy's bullets, but the sirens that may be lying in wait for her son.

But there is a word of cheer and comfort from one of France's greatest women, one who has carried the glory of the French language and all that is best in the French character to every corner of

the globe—Sarah Bernhardt, the world's most famous tragedienne.

Everyone will be interested in what this celebrated actress has to say about "Moral Safeguards of the American Soldiers in France" in our March issue.

chase them, the youth who can't decide what night is best to take his girl, and the young woman who must be certain that this is really the best show in town.

"How Many" in the March THEATRE MAGAZINE is a screamingly funny skit on everyday experiences at the box office.



YOU'VE all laughed with Irvin Cobb. There's no funnier writer in America.

Why has he never written a play? Surely he is just the man to write a rollicking comedy!

Mr. Cobb answers our query in the next number. He says he doesn't write plays for three good reasons: "I don't like to, I don't want to, and I can't."

Mr. Cobb's article "Why Write Plays?" will interest all the Cobb fans which, of course, means everybody.



THE shortcomings of the theatre have been discussed by all—managers, critics and actors.

It's about time that the theatregoer had a voice in the matter. His money supports the theatre, so his voice can criticise it. After all, the audience is the final critic.

"Criticising the Critics," by Celeste McVoy in the March number is an illuminative article by a clever writer on plays and playgoing from the standpoint of a playgoer.



CHARLES BURNHAM, the veteran manager, always writes

entertainingly of old-time theatres.

"The Romance of New York's Historic Theatres," in the next number, contains interesting reminiscences of the old Bowery Theatre, the old Lyceum, and is illustrated with unique and rare pictures.

If you are a lover of the theatre, its traditions and its art, Mr. Burnham's article will have a message for you.

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PITY the poor ticket seller. He is the most maligned creature in all theatredom, yet his patience equals that of Job. Read in the next issue of his troubles with the lady who counts her change for ten minutes in front of the window, while a line of three dozen is waiting for tickets, the man who must be assured that the seats are in the exact center or he won't pur-



From a portrait by Sarony

MRS. FISKE AS MADAME SAND

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THEATRICAL CAMOUFLAGE

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW



ARE you ambitious to become a New York theatre manager with your name—MR. COHNSKY PRESENTS—on every ash can? Nothing easier. Try this camouflage:

1. Take an insignificant, fluffy-headed little chorus girl—the third from the left will do. She must be pretty, but no brains or experience are necessary. Dress her in expensive furs, short skirts and buy her an automobile or two. Then get her name measured for the biggest electric sign procurable.

2. Introduce some well-known millionaire. Get him to pack the house with Johnnies on the opening night, sit conspicuously in the lower box and throw flowers on the stage at the psychological moment. Engage only ushers with big palms. Make them applaud vociferously and raise each curtain at least half a dozen times. Miss Nobody is now a full-fledged star.

3. Don't worry about not having a play. Kidnap one of the popular playwrights of the hour. You'll usually find one hanging round at the Lambs' Club. Pay no attention if he protests that he hasn't an idea in his head. Lock him in a room with a typewriter and feed him with checks until he delivers the goods. Then advertise in big, block type: "The latest thriller by Mr. Getthedo, author of 'The Shop Girl's Revenge.'"

4. Don't be afraid of the critics. Poor, down-trodden hirelings, they tremble at the mere frown of the Advertising Manager. Buy an entire page in the *Morning Booster*. It costs \$1,000, but it's worth it. Besides, they throw in a laudatory editorial for good measure, and in addition an illustrated interview with your star, written by one of the staff's sob-sisters.

5. Advertise your costumes as the latest creations of Paquin and Worth of Paris. This camouflage makes the womenfolk flock to the theatre. But be careful first to remove the Sixth Avenue labels.

6. Buy scenery by the mile. Splash as much color on it as you can. Get a bunch of females—blondes and brunettes. Ransack the dry goods shops for transparent *lingerie* and make 'em wear it. You'll find they'll take off as much as the police allow. Go the limit in feminine nudity. Dress your show girls up in corsets. That's the latest novelty. It's good camouflage for what brain matter is lacking in your play. In the lexicon of the average chorus girl there is no such word as modesty.



YOU can fool some of the people all the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time. This sage dictum, by a famous, big-hearted statesman, may well be applied to the theatrical business to-day.

Was there ever a more flagrant case of camouflage than the recent fiasco at the Century Theatre? "Miss 1917" was trumpeted far and wide as the big, stupendous success of the year. Her

promoters, no doubt, thought she would run merrily along until 1919, but, alas, she barely lived to see 1918. The ostensible producers were managers whose names were supposed to be a guarantee that the show was the best of its kind that brains and money could devise and buy. The daily newspapers, liberally subsidized, grew hysterical in its praise. To listen to the reviewers it was the cleverest, most splendid spectacle ever seen in New York: "Colossal and Gorgeous," said the *Morning Screamer*. "Amazing and Delightful," said the *Evening Liar*. The truth was it was as deadily dull an entertainment as was ever inflicted on the New York playgoer. Of beauty or wit it had none. It was without form and void. It was merely cheap vaudeville and bad vaudeville at that, with a few high-priced stars such as Lew Fields, Mrs. Castle and Adolf Bolm, thrown in as camouflage. These high-priced people did nothing and their exalted names could not conceal the asininity, the emptiness and tawdriness of the show.

The public is weary of pieces the flimsiness of which is only poorly concealed by the camouflage of elaborate production. Half of the attractions on Broadway are the merest piffle, cleverly sugar-coated by tricks of *mise-en-scène*.

Sometimes, as a novelty, they rehash the classics. They even take dear old "Camille" from the dusty shelf and serve it with improvements on Dumas by Mr. Sheldon. Dryden and Ciber took the same liberties with Shakespeare, but Dryden is Dryden and Mr. Sheldon is Mr. Sheldon. Besides, Miss Barrymore, charming though she be, is hardly of the calibre to make us forget Bernhardt, Duse, or Nethersole.



THE trouble with the theatre to-day is that it is managed by business men purely for money profit, instead of men of artistic appreciation who love the theatre for itself alone. Wallack liked to make money, but he put the actor's art above dollars. Daly was always trying to stem financial difficulties, but he doggedly refused to lower his high standard.

What manager to-day has the fashionable and choice following that Daly enjoyed?

Nowadays people go to the theatre in quite a different mood. They are lured there by sensational methods of advertising. They don't expect to see good acting or fine plays. Mr. Cort says he is tired of doing nice things. Exhibitions of *lingerie intime* and soubrettes' legs, he contends, pay better than serious plays. Wait and see. Mr. Cort may have reason to reverse his opinion later.

William Winter told the bare, ugly truth when he said, "the theatre has passed from the hands that ought to control it, the hands either of actors who love and honor their art, or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor, and acquainted with his art and its needs, and almost entirely it has fallen into the clutches of

sordid tradesmen who have degraded it into an Amusement Business."

Theatregoers know they are being fooled, they are weary of being charged exorbitant prices for indifferent shows, and a good many of them show their resentment by staying away from the playhouse altogether.

"Back to the box office!" cry the Shuberts, as if it were a new magnanimous policy instituted by them to accommodate the unfortunate New York playgoer who until now has never been able to buy anything at the box office nearer than the thirteenth row. The credit of this movement—if it is a sincere attempt to break up the preposterous super-charges imposed by agencies and speculators—must go to Arthur Hopkins who inaugurated a "Back to the box office" movement at the Plymouth Theatre some time ago.



THE truth is, the public has less money to spend on theatre tickets than it had, and the Shuberts and other managers, quick to see the trend, are ready to co-operate in making theatregoing a less expensive operation than it has been.

Speaking of the Shuberts, a new theatrical war is on. The pot is calling the kettle black.

Those theatrical potentates, Klaw and Erlanger, have fallen out with the Czars of the Great White Way, yclept the Shuberts, and for once the theatregoing public, patient and long suffering as Balaam's ass, may actually derive benefit from the row, for it means competition once more and competition is the soul of the theatre (if it still has a soul).

The Shuberts are charged with breaking a booking agreement. In other words when peace was signed at the close of the last theatrical war the former enemies agreed not to oppose each other with their strongest attractions.

This, of course, means nothing in New York where there are so many theatres, but it means a great deal in other cities where there are only a few first-class houses. It explains why out-of-town theatregoers have come to distrust the label "300 nights on Broadway, Original New York Cast." They have learned by experience that such announcements are usually camouflage. They have often been so disgusted by the poor quality of the attraction offered that they have preferred to patronize their local stock company.

The theatre manager replies to this that it is not his fault if the cast in other cities is not quite the same as in the metropolis. He claims that the popular *matinée* idol is to-day making so much money in the movies that he cannot be induced to leave New York. This may be true, but it does not excuse advertising a show as the "original New York cast" when it isn't.

Mr. Manager, cut out the camouflage. The public won't be humbugged. Produce worthwhile plays with good casts and you won't complain of poor business at the box office.

IS THE THEATRE A NECESSITY OR A LUXURY?

By ROBERT H. HATCH

Professor at the College of the City of New York



THOUGH in no direct way connected with the theatre I have always been drawn to it by the ties that bind so many of us to its artistic pleasure. Those of us who are old enough to enjoy the theatre of to-day, with a flavor of its early traditions, of those times when there were great actors and great playwrights, are sometimes perplexed by the lack of that artistic quality in them that lingers in our memory. The thrills of that past in the theatre still temper the chill wind of the present performances, and the chief charm we obtain from them is in the character of remembrance they sometimes give us of past performances.

The theatre is a necessity, a very important one, if we consider its uses rather than its abuses. It is one of the important elements in our education, which is something we cannot afford to neglect. One remembers with definite value such performances as Fanny Davenport's "Fedora," and one wonders why Robert Mantell has never duplicated his superb performance of Loris Ipanoff in that play. The extraordinary emotional power of Clara Morris over us, when we could not hold back the tears she made us shed, is not forgotten. Neither can we forget the exquisite performance of William Thompson, with Annie Russell in "The Royal Family." Is it that those were the hours of youth for actor and audience, or is there a deeper reason for the depreciation of acting that has come upon us? Why do these names, and many others, one could remember, still super-impose their splendor upon us even though some of these actors are still at work but unheard of in the same relation to their art?



IT will not suffice to say that the theatre has deteriorated, for that is not wholly true. It will not solve the question to declare that one regrets the absent. The real necessity of the theatre is still demanding its rights, still demonstrating its position in the affairs of the world. In spite of the war, the theatres in London are all open. In spite of the horror and misery of war, the wounded come back from the trenches eager to restore their spirits in the theatre. If it were a luxury, it would have been banished long ago in England or in France with all the other luxuries of life. Nothing could confirm my faith in the necessity of the theatre to the world, more than these facts.

But, we have lost some of the necessary requirements of the theatre, perhaps, and acquired some undesirable luxuries in it. The public that appreciated it, and demanded such performances as Augustin Daly gave at Daly's Theatre, has not changed. We are not more sophisticated now than we were then. We are a trifle more commercial, and a great deal more careless about our theatre. Plays that would have been forbidden in the past, when it seems to me the theatre had more real tradition of art and of good taste, are the ordinary fare of the theatre to-day. There are certain performances to be seen now that reek with extravagance, extravagance of stage costs, and extravagance of salacious thought. I am not at all willing to excuse this wasted output of theatrical luxury on the ground that the fashion of

the times demands it. The theatre is as valuable to the nourishment of the heart and the mind as bread is necessary to our lives. People do not require change of fashion in staple articles of nourishment. No, it is not the fashion that has changed in the theatre, there is an over-production of material that is responsible for such plays and shows which I should class as luxuries. A luxury is something you are better without, and there are luxuries in theatrical form that we will be much better without. Nor do I share the impression one might gather from explanations given that there is a vogue for certain plays in the theatre. I am convinced that the greedy eyes of the box-office have defeated its best purposes. Managers have seen the opportunity to pander to a specialized public, a public they have created for certain theatres, with certain forms of entertainment. It is not quantity that makes the good show, nor elaborate scenery, nor *risqué* situation—it is respect for the traditions of the past in the theatre that we need to conserve.



THERE have been epidemics of "crook" plays. Because one or two distinguished playwrights conceived the heroic possibilities for the theatre of the villain in the play, and wrote entertaining plays of such good standard as "Jim the Penman," or "The Money Spinner," or considering moral turpitude. "The second Mrs. Tanqueray," industrious playwrights of lesser talent seized upon the theme and wrote plays that were harmful, crude and inartistic. The chief fault with the "crook" plays, is that they are false to nature, that is, to the aspirations of nature, not to the human experiences in nature. If we are to pursue the argument that the theatre should be a necessity, any play that fails to measure the necessary values we are all seeking for in life, namely the values of improvement in ourselves, of aspiration, should be forbidden. Personally, I have learned too much of criminal facts from Thomas Mott Osborne at Sing Sing, to favor the maudlin theme of some of these "crook" plays which attempt to show the reform of the criminal. Plays like "Within the Law," on the other hand, are inclined to make crime too alluring and easy, to idealize the criminals themselves. The "crook" plays are very harmful for their false values.



HOWEVER, it is not entirely a reasonable assumption to say that only the plays that are in themselves distinguished as literary and artistic performances, should be encouraged in the theatre. One of the most brilliant impressions of the present season that it has been my pleasure to witness, for instance, is in musical comedy. I refer to the performance of William Norris in "Maytime." The entertainment itself, based upon one of the best plays of our period, "Milestones," is exceptional in musical comedy. But the performance of Mr. Norris accomplishes two very wonderful things to a man in the audience who respects the traditions of the theatre. First, it shows us that the great necessity of the theatre is fine acting, and secondly it confirms

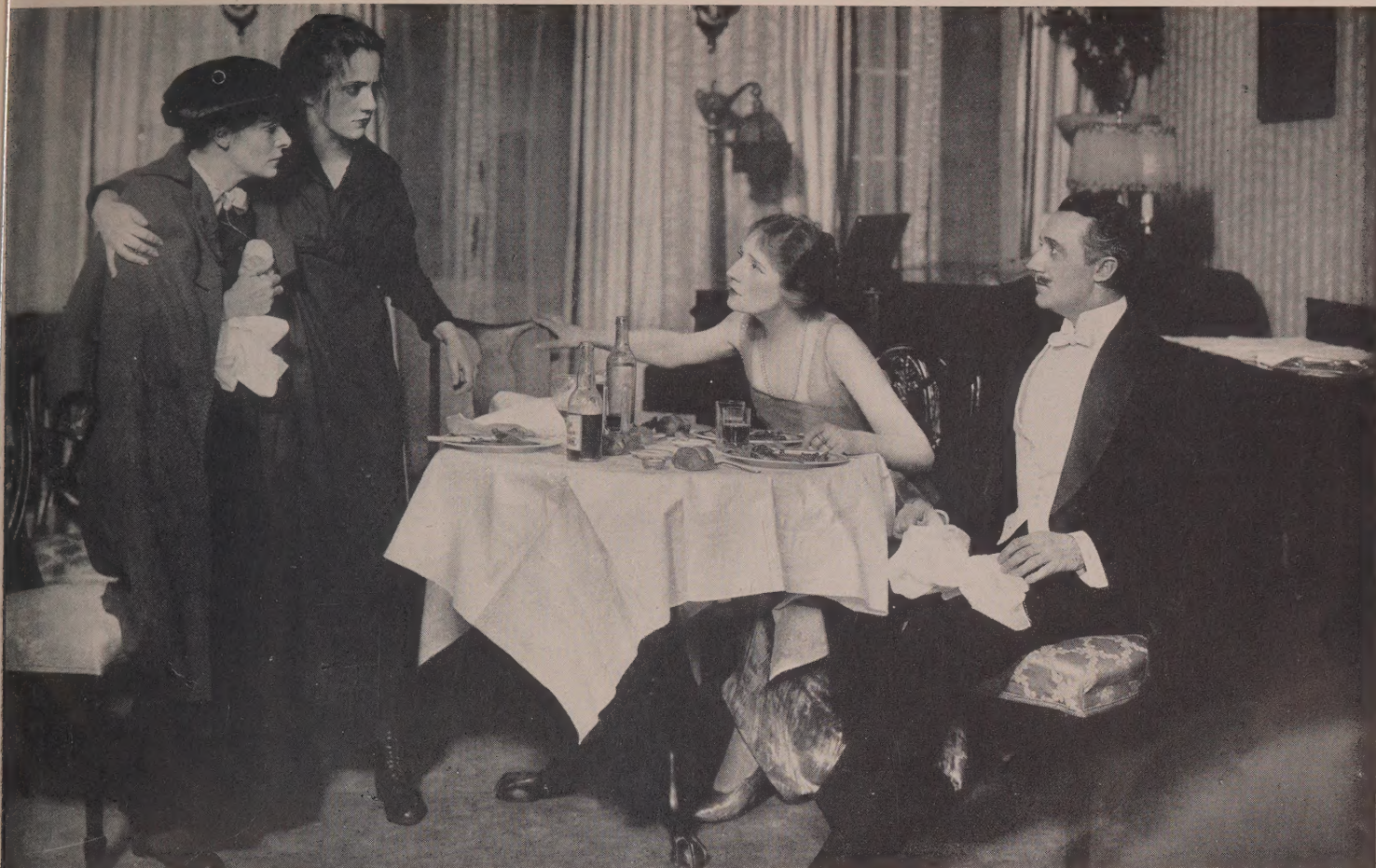
our impression that all a fine actor needs is a good part. It is some years since Mr. Norris made a distinguished reputation for himself as an artist in the part of the jester in "The Palace of the King." I think that was in 1901. Since then, either for lack of opportunity, or because the theatre had depreciated in the character of its plays, this actor had not been heard from in any important performance. His interpretation of Matthew Van Zant is like a portrait by Meissonier. My interests in acting are so entirely apart from any personal connection with the theatre, that these opinions are purely those of a spectator. It is pleasant to find, however, that it is possible for an actor of genius to find himself again as an artist.

There are two other exceptional performances which I wish to refer to, because they bear upon the qualities that make the theatre a necessity. I refer to the performance of Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader," whose acting displays such remarkable reserve and such simplicity, that it is as if he were interpreting the story of the play in my own studio. In the same cast appears that splendid actor Mr. Calvert, whose chief illusion in acting gives one the impression that he is not acting at all. I regard it as a necessity for people who should be inspired by the theatre to see such performances. Then, there is the acting of Lenore Ulric in "Tiger Rose" at the Lyceum Theatre, which is remarkable for its individual achievement in magnetism, in temperament, in that mysterious quality which puts the audience under her spell, the very moment she appears on the stage. The play itself is unimportant, it has hinges that one can see, but Miss Ulric is not on the stage two minutes before she has made us forget the faults of the play, in the power she exerts over us. Such performances as these, I have just mentioned, bring us to the conclusion that the greatest necessity of the theatre is in acting.



THERE is another class of play, in which the story may be taken from the Bible and somewhat libel the sacred traditions of that great book. I witnessed a performance of such a play, "The Wanderer," and when it was all over, the chief incident of the evening that I remember, was the fact that I had to dodge a kick from one of the chorus girls. Unfortunately, I was seated in the front row, and I felt when I went out that I had seen nothing at all. Of course, there was a flash of fine acting in the superb performance of Nance O'Neil, but the play seemed over-loaded with a crudeness of spectacle, and too much effort with crowds, scenery and sheep. It is a great question whether the spectacular play should have any place of value in the theatre. With the exception of the Hippodrome performance, which is so uniquely associated with the traditions of the circus, I do not think the spectacular plays contribute anything to the necessary values of the theatre. The circus is neutral ground, associated entirely with a mood apart from the theatre.

As to the entertainments that sparkle with limbs and dancing, often of a questionable character, these belong to the box-office intentions,



Photos White Catherine Proctor Laurette Taylor Violet Kemble Cooper O. P. Heggie

Act I. The little milliner refuses the home offered unless her mother can remain with her

SCENE IN HARTLEY MANNERS' PLAY "HAPPINESS" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



Edward Emery

Langdon Bruce

Margaret Anglin

Phyllis Birkett

Act I. Betty faints when she recognizes Captain Rymill, who is to be billeted at her house, as her long lost husband

SCENE IN "BILLETED," A WAR-TIME COMEDY RECENTLY AT THE PLAYHOUSE

MARGARET ANGLIN AND LAURETTE TAYLOR IN NEW PLAYS

and are strictly commercial values with no importance to people who regard the theatre as an inspiring opportunity.

We still have with us certain distinguished representatives of acting, who perhaps give us the best values in the theatre, not always the best plays, but make the best efforts. Mrs. Fiske, for instance, in her performance of "Erstwhile Susan," upheld the very best traditions of the theatre in acting. Can anyone ever forget her great moment in the confession scene of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"? To have been a witness of that great moment, to those who love the stage was to my mind a liberal education.

I venture to think that the greatest loss the stage has sustained in my time is the retirement of Julia Marlowe. I can recall, as though it were yesterday, her performance in a play which probably the majority of the people have forgotten, and yet it stands out in my mind as clear and exquisite as a piece of crystal. I am referring to her rôle of Mary the Beggar maid in the play of "For Bonnie Prince Charlie." Not for a moment could I personally concede that, in that rôle, and outside of her Shakespearean work, she did not touch the highest pinnacle of her great art. No, I do not forget "Barbara Frietchie" or

"Colinette" or "When Knighthood was in Flower." I only know that Miss Marlowe, in that rôle, in her utterance of the words, "For Scotland and Bonnie Prince Charlie," which she was good enough to write on a portrait she gave me, and "For Scotland and My Right," it was as near music in her delivery of the lines as a speaker, not a singer is capable of. It was not acting, it was a living embodiment of a girl who had but one object in life, to see Charles Stuart returned to the throne of Scotland. The modulations of her exquisite voice, her perfect diction, and her marvelous emotional power, have left the memory which upholds the highest and best traditions of our stage.

To my mind dramatic criticism, therefore, becomes a very important contribution to our education. The critic who, at the expense of the actor, injects a witty line, which tends to hold the actor up to ridicule, is doing the theatre a great deal of harm. The critic of the theatre should be in exceptional sympathy with it, with its people, with its aim, with its successes. Even its failures should be approached by the critic with an effort to find something hopeful in them. The public receiving most of its information about the theatre from the dramatic critic should be educated through him, not to the flippancies of his

writing, but to the essential values of the efforts of the actors.

Of course, the highest regard that the public can have for theatrical performances belongs to grand opera. The language of music is so much swifter than words can ever be, so much more direct in its educational value to our emotion, that the price of grand opera can never be too high. Technically, from the standpoint of acting, grand opera performances bear no relation to the theatre, nor should they do so because the music drama stages itself in our souls as we hear it.

The "star" system has brought about some regrettable results. Our expectations have been raised to the seventh heaven by skillful advertising, and electric signs, and we have been disappointed. The traditions of the theatre do not make stars overnight. A pair of large oriental dark eyes do not make a great actress. The extraordinary thing is that actresses who have demonstrated great acting ability are not the real stars of the theatre. There are names that will occur to everyone, of women who ought to be stars but who are still giving great performances in small parts. This is a feature of the commercialized theatre which is to be much regretted.

"TOO TOO SOLID FLESH"

*A portly player suggests comedy; a cadaverous one tragedy.
When did fat emotion melt an audience's tears?*

By HAROLD SETON



OH, that this too too solid flesh would melt!" cried Hamlet. This remark was uttered merely to prove that the gentleman in question desired to be known as "The melancholy Dane." Had he wished to be hailed as "The jovial Dane," he would have rejoiced in additional avoirdupois. In real life men have come to expect jolly good-nature of their more rotund brethren, and they are seldom disappointed. So, naturally, on the stage, where the mirror is supposed to be held up to nature, flesh suggests comedy, and bones suggest tragedy, or, at any rate, emotion. Fat emotion, in the form of love-making, could never bring tears to the eyes of an audience, unless the tears were called forth by too much laughter.

As soon as the name of Tom Wise is beheld on a theatre programme, the audience is prepared to laugh. The same way with May Irwin. And with Roscoe Arbuckle. Were Tom Wise to attempt a Conway Tearle part, were May Irwin to attempt a Jane Cowl part, or were Roscoe Arbuckle to attempt a Francis X. Bushman part, instead of thereby establishing themselves in tragedy, they would only increase their prestige in comedy. Let them try it and see!

Amelia Summerville is now known as a competent performer in stage-productions, but she achieved her fame and established her reputation as "The Merry Mountain Maid," with Henry E. Dixey in "Adonis," when she weighed some hundred or more pounds than she does to-day. Amelia Summerville is probably unique in having reversed the usual order of things, starting in by being fat and ending up by being thin! The customary procedure causes much distress to both play-actors and play-goers. Amelia Bingham must now be a great deal heavier than when she made her big hit in "The Climbers."

It has been said that Fanny Davenport, in her day a celebrated tragedienne, died of a broken heart because of the cruel criticisms that were made during her latter days. No one suggested that her acting had deteriorated, but many referred to her enlarged outlines. A fat "Fedora," a fat "Gismonda," a fat "Cleopatra," could not be taken seriously! Eva Davenport, however, turned her enormous girth to good account, and was in high favor as a mirth provoker. Her comedy scenes with Charles Bigelow, in Anna Held's early productions, were extremely amusing.

An actor always likes "a fat part," but a fat part does not always like a fat actor. When Wilton Lackaye created the rôle of Svengali in "Trilby," he was sinuous and spider-like. Nowadays he could not properly be described by either of these terms. Dustin Farnum, of the spoken drama, was all angles. Dustin Farnum, of the moving-pictures, is all curves. Julian Eltinge, in "Mr. Wicks of Wickham," suggested a girl of twenty. Julian Eltinge, in "The Countess Charming," suggests a woman of forty. When Margaret Anglin played "Mrs. Dane's Defense," she was like a pale cala-lily, but in her most recent productions she seems more like a fullblown chrysanthemum.

Possessing a figure means bread and butter to the majority of stage performers. Can you imagine a fat Maude Adams? A fat "Lady Babbie"? A fat "Peter Pan"? A fat "Cinderella"? Or could you imagine a fat Billie Burke? For many years past Billie Burke has tossed her ringlets, fluttered her eyelids, and displayed her dimples. But she has done more than this. Much more! She has caused us to smile in admiration, and not to snicker in derision, as we would certainly have done had she weighed say sixty or

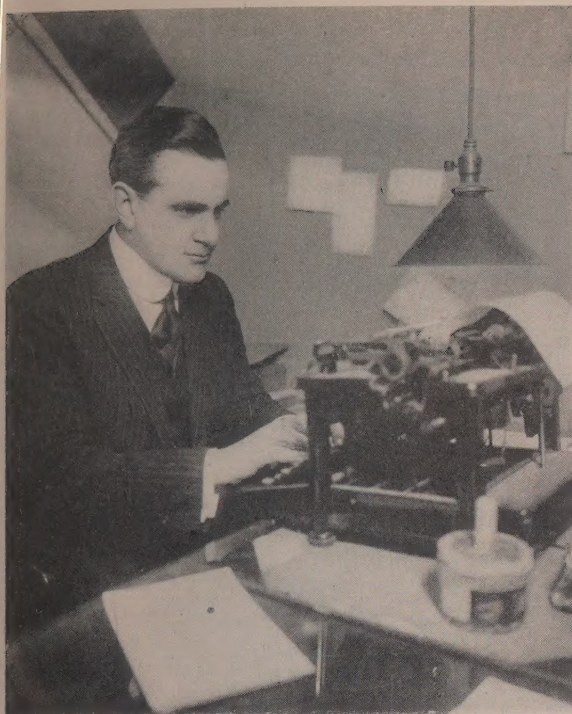
seventy pounds more than at present! John Drew could only remain John Drew while he retained a figure, and if William Faversham chose to revive "Under the Red Robe," or any of his other successes of twenty-five years ago, he could undoubtedly wear the original costumes, if they are still in existence.

Marie Dressler is popular because she is stout. Marie Doro is popular because she is slim. Marie Cahill, who has always been plump, has always been a comedienne. Nazimova, who has always been bony, has always been a tragedienne. Mrs. Vernon Castle, one of the most popular performers before the public, is almost emaciated, and Ruth St. Denis, another far-famed dancer, is also extremely thin. Mrs. Castle and Miss St. Denis simply dare not take on weight! What if Mrs. Castle's fox-trot became a rhinoceros-waddle, and what if Miss St. Denis's snake-squirring became crocodile-training? And what could be more calamitous than for Paul Swan, who appeared in vaudeville as "The most beautiful man in the world," to reappear as "The fattest man in the world"? Oh, horrors!

Theatre people are as interested in the Bible as are any other people, and they may be somewhat startled by certain passages of Holy Writ. For instance, we read in Proverbs 11:25, "the liberal soul shall be made fat," and in Proverbs 13:4, "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat."

Perhaps the most disconcerting statement of all appears in Proverbs 28:25, "he that trusteth in the Lord shall be made fat." But be not discouraged, neither be dismayed!

Read further, and rejoice exceedingly! For in Isaiah 10:15, we find these comforting words, "The Lord shall send among His fat ones leanness!"



(Left)

ARTHUR GOODRICH

The author of "Yes or No," has written upwards of a dozen novels, but he began his career as a magazine man, having been associated in an editorial capacity with *Outing* and *World's Work* and as a contributor to other magazines. He is on the sunny side of forty, came from Connecticut and is a graduate of Wesleyan University



PHILIP MOELLER

A child of fortune, Mr. Moeller began to dabble in plays in very dilettante fashion. He joined the insurgent theatre movement, and was one of the pioneers of the Washington Square Players. The production by Mrs. Fiske of his "Madame Sand" has made this promising young writer a full-fledged Broadway dramatist. His forte is keenness of satire and elegant burlesque

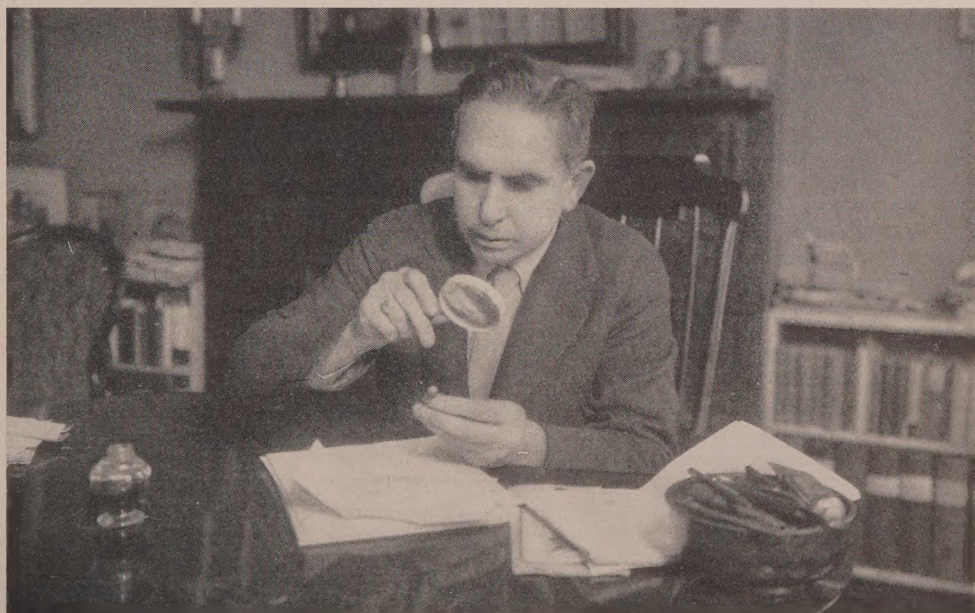


(Left) WILLIAM LE BARON

The author of "The Very Idea" began to write for the stage while a student at New York University. He was the author of four of their annual varsity plays, the last of which, "The Echo," was produced by Charles Dillingham. Beside "The Very Idea" he also contributed to this season's output the libretto of "Her Regiment"

THEODORE DREISER (Right)

Who contributed "The Girl in the Coffin" to the last bill of the Washington Square Players is best known to American readers as a novelist. Like all good romancers he was born in Indiana, and began life as a newspaper man. After graduating from the Chicago *Daily Globe* he became a magazine editor, and later organized the National Child Rescue Campaign. His best known novel is "The Genius." We don't know what Mr. Dreiser is examining with his microscope; possibly he's looking for a new idea



Photos © Press Ill.

THEIR PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD ON BROADWAY

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

The producer of "Seventeen" and the creator of the Portmanteau Theatre tells how he recruits and trains his players

By STUART WALKER



THE noon-day beating sun had softened the asphalt of the streets, and even after its slanting rays had dropped behind the houses, the stones of the pavement were warm. Everywhere men and women walked listlessly. Children just let out from a long day indoors, huddled about the doorways, too wearied with the heat to play as children should, running noisily across the pavements, shouting the rules of their games, bickering over some contested point. It was as if the spirit of youth was crushed.

And then round the corner from the Avenue came an organ-grinder. He stopped, turned a button of his magic machine, and twisting the handle, began to play. At the first few bars the children came to attention, a moment later they were young again, before the chorus of the latest popular song was reached, they had gathered into groups and were dancing, or playing their favorite game under the spell of the music. The tinkling notes of the organ had called forth the spirit of play.

Vary the picture slightly, make instead of a group of children a group of young player folk, and for your barrel organ substitute the script of a drama. If the drama they are giving to the public stirs them into action, if the spirit of play enters into their work, then there will surely come with it the spirit of youth that means so much to an audience—and even more to the player.



WHEN I first seriously studied the drama and mentally catalogued what seemed to me to be assets and defects, I came to realize that to me there was one great discordant note, and that was the fact that youth on the stage was not truly young; that the true individuality of the players called on to create the younger parts did not stand prominently before their audiences. I remember going to see three plays in succession that contained boyish characters of about nineteen or twenty. All three might have been wax dolls cast from the same model. They all wore a certain ultra type of clothing, they all put their hands in their pockets in a set way, and they all acted in the same key.

Now grant the fact that most boys and girls are alike in the general characteristics, did you ever see two who expressed their emotions in the identically same way? At from sixteen to twenty the world is a constantly growing place. Every experience is a novelty. Love comes for the first time, so does the need for a shave, high heels, or an evening dress with no sleeves. It is the most important time of one's life—and yet there are many theatrical managers who believe that youth is a type—when in reality youth and individuality are synonymous.

The player of young parts needs to get away from type, to play with the spirit, to regain the vision of youth that one must have held for so many years. The illusion of youth on the stage is the spirit of the play. The child that plays Jennie Jones imagines she is Jennie Jones. She sees herself washing, or ironing, or even dying, and so do the other children. If not, the game would be trivial, and contain no amusement.

I wonder if you who read this remember Joe Bullitt in "Seventeen"? Joe was the quiet, determined boy of the group. He was hard-headed, practical, in sharp contrast with the love-sick Willie Baxter. Morgan Farley, who plays this part, is only eighteen, and he has made it stand out sharply because he stepped into the part with the most earnest demeanor. He was not engaged mechanically, trained mechanically, nor does he play mechanically. He has thought out carefully what he was going to do, and in the spirit of enjoyment of work he is doing it.

It is my impression that a young player can be just as polished in his acting as one of more



Matsene

STUART WALKER

Reading "Seventeen" to Lillian Ross who plays the part of Jane

mature years, and that because plays call for young people there must be young people trained to take these rôles. Following this idea I have tried to compose my company to a certain extent of people who have come to me seeking advice or engagements, and have shown their absolute sincerity in their desire for the stage. There are four members of my company (all young) who have never played under any other direction.



GOING back to Morgan Farley and his portrayal of Joe Bullitt. Farley wrote to me when he was still in High School, and showed such knowledge of the theatre that I sent for him to come and see me. At the conference he convinced me that he not only had the desire to act, but that he wanted to work and accomplish that end. Then he got permission from his mother, and reported for work. At the beginning he was given no parts to learn, no definite work to do. Instead, he assisted the stage crew, walked on in one or two scenes

without a line to speak, and learned the parts he felt he could play, rehearsing them carefully, and serving as understudy.

When I established a summer stock company in Indianapolis last summer, Morgan Farley was present at all rehearsals and played very minor parts. One night the assistant stage manager failed me miserably and while I was talking about hiring a new stage manager young Farley was doing the work of the man who had failed. He handled the stage work perfectly for several weeks, and as a reward he was allotted the part of Joe Bullitt. His conception of the part was remarkable. He was pleased to act, it was a game to him, and the result was perfection.

Another type of stage training is typified by two young people in my company, Gregory Kelly who plays the leading rôle in "Seventeen" and has gained considerable distinction in the plays of the Portmanteau repertoire, and Lillian Ross whose portrayal of Jane, the sister of Willie Baxter, is about as perfect an illusion of a little girl as one would imagine.

Both these players started their theatrical careers as children. They played when engagements offered, but were not in any sense child prodigies. I believe that the children of the theatre can be successful in later life if they do not attain too much applause when young.



THE children of ten or twelve who taste of great success, do not really know why they are successful, but the child who goes steadily on with the mechanics of the stage and learns over a period of years just exactly why they do certain things, is almost sure to become recognized later in life. After all there are set rules for success on the stage, and one of them is the fact that the work must be enjoyed by the player if it is to be enjoyed by the audience. It is all in the creating of the illusion. Ruth Gordon's Lola Pratt, the vampire of the youthful Seventeen, is out of all physical type with the character of the book inasmuch as she is not a fluffy blond (Miss Gordon has dark hair and eyes) yet no critic has called attention to that fact. In trying to find an actress to play Miss Pratt I interviewed fifty before deciding on Miss Gordon who was not the physical type, but who had impressed me with her ability. When she was given the part it amused her; she caught the spirit of Lola Pratt,—and she plays it so realistically that the perfect picture is present in spite of the physical differences.

The rehearsals for "Seventeen" were short, and easy. We gave it the usual week's work before the stock production in Indianapolis, and then ten days before it was shown in Chicago. To have given that play weeks of work would have spoiled the pleasure that fills every company when they enjoy the parts they are playing. Monotonous rehearsals always kill spontaneity, which is the great essential in portraying youth.

The stage needs youth, the audiences demand the spirit of play. Night after night wherever "Seventeen" has played there have been men of sixty in the audience, and for a few hours they forgot the care of life—they were young.



From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

D O R O T H Y M O R T I M E R

Leo Ditrichstein's chief business in "The King" is to make love to pretty women. As Marthe Bourdier, Miss Mortimer is a worthy object of his royal admiration. This young actress is a newcomer on Broadway, but has gained experience and reputation out of town

SPANISH PLAYERS STRIKE NEW NOTE OF JOY

"I believe New York, to play its full part in this war for the country, for the cause of the country, must be an intensely vital New York. It must be a big, brave, rich, generous New York, the splendid metropolis of a splendid nation. It must shake the clouds off." From a message by MAYOR Hylan

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



THE Land of Joy has sent a new ambassador to the Land of the Free. He is Eulogio Velasco, one of the stage-famed brothers Velasco, of Valencia in Spain. From that artistic center of Spain came with him sixty other ambassadors and ambassadors, chiefly ambassadors. They bring the international greetings and the message: "You are free. Be also joyous."

On the November night when the Spanish review, "The Land of Joy," opened in New York, the usual contingent of freshly coiffed, glittering, velvet cloaked, more than slightly bored feminine first-nighters, attended by escorts who have been coerced into the black and white uniform of after six, and who were still more or less sullenly protesting against "going out tonight," poured out of limousines, made their languid way to seats and adjusted themselves with an "I-suppose-we'll-have-to-see-it-through" air. But as vivid threads in this first night fabric appeared shorter, darker men and women, whose hair was black as ink, whose cheeks were olive tinted, whose eyes were large and dark and as full of enthusiasm, as the others were empty of them. They represented the Spanish colonists and visitors in New York.

When the gaily painted curtain fell upon the first part, one of the black-haired contingent flung his hat upon the stage. But a cool-eyed blonde beside him tore her gloves in a frenzy of clapping.



THE men who had sulked about getting into their evening clothes shouted, "Bravo!" in chorus with the Latin visitors who had left theirs in Madrid, or Havana, or Rio Janeiro. The wide foyer at the Park Theatre was crowded by a moving, smiling throng exclaiming: "At last we have something new!" and "Isn't it a delightful surprise?" The air was charged with the electric quickening which is the unfailing sign of success.

Dolorettes, the fiery *première danseuse*, with eyes like black flames; Maria Marco, the plump and glowing-eyed prima donna, Amparo Saus (whose name seems to be irreverently spoken by the person who pronounces it as it should be, "Souise"), the soprano; Luisita Puchol, the soubrette, and Antonio Bilbao, the heel dancer, and their flashing, sparkling chorus, had "done their bit," and the audience had agreed that it was a delicious morsel.

Quinito Valverde, who wrote the gay, melodious music, pulsing as the light heart of Spain, Eulogio Velasco and J. F. Elizondo, the authors of the book, had arranged the review in the form of a theatrical company's tour of the land of the Pyrenees. What they hear and see and do provide the entertainment. We have seen Spain on the stage, but here was a different country, what the Velasco Brothers, the producers, affirm, and what travelers in that country declare, is the real Spain.

"Where is the gloomy Spaniard? I miss his frown and his knife." I asked the slender, smiling, long-eyed Eulogio Velasco, the impresario.

"You will find him, where only he lives," Senor Velasco bowed. "His residence is the pages of the novels you have been reading. Do not read novels, my dear Senorita." Another bow.

"Is not Spain the land of towering mountains and dark valleys and sombre inhabitants?"

"Europa does not think so. Europa calls our country the Land of Joy!"

Europa may have its way when that way is a good one. Perhaps that lowering Spaniard of



DOLORETES

Prémière danseuse in "The Land of Joy" and also at the Coconut Grove, this young Spanish dancer is all fire, agility, grace and mystery

our memory did reside between book covers and in newspaper accounts of uprisings in Mexico. Any Spaniard will hasten to assure you indignantly that Mexico is a mere step-child of Spain, a cast-off, forgotten and unworthy. He will pant in his indignation and he will pronounce it, impatiently, "Mehico."

Came the cachet of success. Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., came often to the Land of Joy. The first visit determined their course. They would import the Land of Joy to the Coconut Grove atop the Century Theatre, for the edification of those who dropped in after the theatre or a directors' meeting or a late dinner for midnight entertainment. It remained but to decide how much of it they might adapt to their midnight cabaret. They concluded by importing practically all of it and making Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, the wide-hatted, red-sashed guide through Spain. Wherefore the New Yorker may enjoy Spanish flavored amusement fourteen times a week if he likes, six evenings and two matinees weekly at the Park Theatre, and six midnight reviews at the Century.

Spanish vogue or Spanish fad? Which? There are advocates for each. Time is the court of appeals.

"I had traveled much in Europe and in South America," said Senor Velasco to me, "and I had wished to come to North America. It was because I had liked the persons from the United States, whom I had met. Then I did not understand their oral language. But we all know the universal language. It is in the flash of the smile, the light in the eye, the clasp of the hand, the throb of the heart. They are what everyone understands. Because we all understand that language, we go again and again to see Bernhard. Two and a half years ago I came. I saw plays and musical comedies. The first night in New York I went to a theatre. I saw what was alleged to be a Spanish dance. It was coldly received. That encouraged me. The alleged dance was Mexican. The audience vaguely felt it, even if it did not know. I was confident that it would have liked the real Spanish dance. The dance was done alone. It had no company to strengthen it, no bright Spanish scenery, no genuine Spanish music. My dancers were invited to dance in vaudeville since they arrived in New York. Some tried it, but did not like it. They said they could not, as you say, 'make good' without the ensemble.

"*Todos Espanol*" is the motto of our entertainments. My brother and I believe that effects to be telling must be cumulative. 'The Land of Joy' might be called 'Two Hours in Spain,' for it is, constantly, always Spanish!



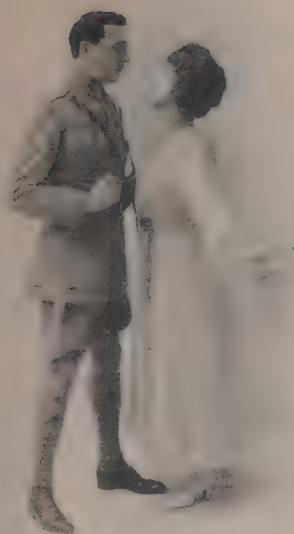
OUR players are all strangers in the Estados Unidos. 'Are' I should not have said, but 'were.' They are enchanted by it. They are intoxicated by their freedom. The girls of the company have come to me and said: 'Here we can go out without our madres!' Their mothers have accompanied many of them here, but to walk down town, without maternal shadowing, is a thrilling adventure to them. They are a little insane about your expensive shops. They clasp their hands and say, 'Muy mucho lujuria.' I fear they keep none of their salaries."

As paternally solicitous for his players' welfare as his artist brother of Portuguese descent, David Belasco, Eulogio Velasco adopted novel means to prevent the homesickness of his company. In Havana, a comely, black-eyed woman kept a boarding-house on so large a scale that it might have been termed a "family hotel." With her lived part of the Spanish company while it played in Cuba's capital.

"Do you want to go to New York and look after us while we are there?" asked the paternal young Velasco.

"Si, senor." The face framed in the dusk of the mantilla brightened. "*Inmediamente, caro Senor Velasco.*" She came and established her Spanish home on West Fifty-eighth Street where most of the company, save the prima donna, sojourns.

The device was successful. One only of the company has manifested homesickness.



William Courtenay Olive Tell

The first act of "General Post" takes place in 1911. Betty, the daughter of a snobbish baronet, falls in love with Edward Smith, her father's tailor. She proposes to him but he cannot accept for fear of losing the patronage of her father. In the second act, which happens in 1915, Edward Smith, the tailor, has won promotion to Colonel while Sir Dennys becomes a private in the Home Guard. In the last act, Smith, the tailor, returns home after the war, a Brigadier-General, proposes to Betty and wins her hand



Tom Wise Mr. Courtenay

Act I. Betty: "If there's any risk, I'll take it, for I love you"



Mr. Wise Miss Tell Cecil Fletcher Cynthia Brooke

Act I. Sir Dennys: "Is it any worse?"
Smith: "I'm afraid so"

Act I. Sir Dennys: "Have you the audacity to declare that you see nothing to be ashamed of in being seen walking about the country arm in arm with my tailor?"

Photos White



Mr. Fletcher Miss Tell Mr. Courtenay Mr. Wise

Act II. Smith: "It is very nice to see you after all these years"



Mr. Courtenay Miss Tell James Kearney

Act III. Watson: "Oh, miss, I'm glad you are engaged"

"GENERAL POST" A COMEDY OF THE WAR, TOLD IN PICTURES

A PLAYER WHO CAN ACT ANYTHING

The star of "The Masquerader" to prove that the Shakespearean actor is not an extinct species

By ADA PATTERSON



IF versatility be the measure of an actor, Guy Bates Post is of the greatest. This season he is playing in "The Masquerader," a modern psychological drama, in which he is first a Member of Parliament and a drug addict, last a clear-eyed, clear-headed young journalist who impersonates the distinguished derelict. Last season he embodied Omar Khayyam in "Omar the Tent-Maker." Who knows aught that is authentic about the Persian philosopher? No deafening chorus answers. Mr. Post probed him to the depths and found a paucity of fact. What a typesetter would term "two sticks," a matter of a little more than four inches of type, represents all it is believed to be known of him.

That belief is as tenuous as most faith. Even his existence is doubted. His poems and philosophy may have flowed from Anglo-Saxon brain or Celtic pen. "All that's worth knowing, nothing is known," was the actor's conclusion when he set about constructing the rhyming, sometimes drunken, sage. A man of youth, else not the ardent lover; a man of dignity, else not the scholar; a man with the sense of beauty pulsing in his soul, else not the author of such verse as is ascribed to him,—so Post saw and built him of the two hundred words of possibly unauthentic matter. Which yielded him, at least, the pleasures of imagination.

If you saw his Omar, you saw the not merely love, but reverence, for beauty that is the dominant note in the actor and the man. A scene that by a baser instrument might have been made repellent, he transformed into a thing of beauty, by the reverent manner of his leading forth the object of his love, with high-raised finger tips, and at marked distance, as he might conduct a queen, into the perfumed night.

His treatment of incidents that have a heart of ugliness is touched with his love of beauty. There might be ugliness in the madness of the drug addict in "The Masquerader," but the man who plays him screens the unwelcome sight, even as the old-time Greeks in their drama

never show a dead body upon the stage.

He smiled and flicked the ash of his cigar before he answered a playwright's, "But, my dear Guy, you are behind the times in this theory of yours," with "Better a theory that has endured through the centuries than the fad of the year." The playwright has written two dramas of realism. Monetarily, they have been successful. Therefore, reasoning as the ostrich, he believes the world's taste has veered to ugliness.

"It is not the province of the theatre to emphasize ugliness," he says with quiet emphasis. His dictum is like Ellen Terry's. "Put something of beauty into everything you do."

Yet I have told you this man whose preference is for the beautiful things of the stage has that corner-stone for stage greatness which is versatility. He has played, he knows not how many parts, from some of which it has strained his ingenuity to extract beauty. Steve, for instance, in "The Virginian," but to counter this there was the American officer in "Major André." New York knows him as an actor who has played a few parts, but has played all of them well. It knows not, as does the South and West, the number and variety of his achievements.

When he came out of Seattle, the only actor of importance that city has given us, he made his first stage appearance, in an amateur capacity, as Cassius, in "Julius Caesar," at a performance given by St. John's Episcopal Church in San Francisco. But his professional début occurred as The Printer in the production of "Charlotte Corday," by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew. His first metropolitan success was as Robert Rockett, the young clergyman, with Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey, in "My Lady Dainty." Followed his creation of Captain Stuart in "Soldiers of Fortune," and appearances in three of Clyde Fitch's plays, "Major André," "The Bird in the Cage," and "The Marriage Game."

Upon the variety of his impersonations in these

fundamentally different rôles, the playwright made the comment: "I want to put you in my next play, Post. I was trying to think of a character in your line. I suddenly realized that you have no line. You are one of those needed actors who can play anything."

Thereafter Mr. Post played Joe Lacy in "The Heir to the Hoorah." He was chosen for the New Theatre's company and presented there "The Nigger." He created a sturdy rôle in "The Bridge." Out of his severe training as second man in summer stock companies, he derived technical facility that is invaluable.

In private life, he is the aesthete. His conversation falls easily into musical terms because he has a passion for music. He is a pianist of skill. Circumstances permitting, he would turn his home into an aviary, for he considers every song-bird a friend. He collects beautiful pictures. In private and in public, he is more than all else the aesthete.

Yet an aesthete with a taste for and aptitude in athletics. He has a swimming record. He swims, from end to end, the lake on his Connecticut country home each morning by way of a bath and he likes to regard the Atlantic Ocean as his tub into which certain others of rude habit occasionally intrude. He is a gymnast. He has a walking record that equals his swimming one. For many years he disdained elevators, but eyrie residences on the twelfth floors of apartment houses in New York, have deleted that habit from the sum of his characteristics.

He is a student. His painstaking study of every scrap and fragment of theory and conjecture about Omar Khayyam, caused him to be known to hundreds of authors and readers and librarians who know not the theatre.

One day he is going to do Hamlet, perhaps soon. His will be the reward of the student who has delved into the depths with joy and pain. The pain of doubt, the joy of completion. No careless Hamlet he. He will be true to his conception as a singer to his key.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Grace George has a grown-up son?

That Lou Tellegen acted in French before he acted in English?

That Alla Nazimova acted in Russian before she acted in English?

That Leo Ditrichstein acted in German before he acted in English?

That Bertha Kalich acted in Yiddish before she acted in English?

That Ethel Barrymore once declined to marry the Duke of Manchester?

That William Faversham, Jr., made his début as an actor in the St. Bernard's School Christmas performance of "As You Like It"?

That Arthur Byron is a nephew of Ada Rehan?

That H. Cooper Cliffe, who created the part

of "Nobody" in "Everywoman," is directly descended from Sarah Siddons, the famous English tragedienne?

That George M. Cohan, Wilton Lackaye and Fritz Williams are Roman Catholics?

That Julie Opp, the wife of William Faversham, was a newspaper reporter before becoming an actress?

That the new Vanderbilt Theatre, in 48th Street, will open with "Honor Bright" the second Saturday in February? "Honor Bright" is a musical comedy, with Grace La Rue and Felix Adler in the cast.

That Henry Dixey made his first appearance on the stage as the hind legs of a heifer, later becoming known for his own perfectly proportioned extremities, then as a singer and dancer, next as a sleight-of-hand artist, and finally as a character-actor?

That Nora Bayes, Henrietta Crosman and Emma Dunn are Christian Scientists?

That articles of incorporation have been filed in Albany by the Paris-American Theatre Company, which plans to take a company to Paris to present plays for American soldiers?

That Julian Eltinge first appeared as a female impersonator in an amateur production in Boston, and made his professional début in a piece called "Mr. Wix of Wickham"?

That Louise Beaudet, who appears this season in "Flo-Flo," played the part of Lady Macbeth thirty years ago, under the management of Bandmann, a noted producer of that time?

That Elsie Janis' real name is Bierbower, and twenty years ago she was known in vaudeville as "Little Elsie" and imitated Dan Daly and Fougère?



From a portrait, copyright, Havelock Pierce

G U Y B A T E S P O S T

A gymnast, a student, a musician, Mr. Post is first of all a versatile and virile actor. His work in "The Masquerader" has won him great praise. He promises to give us Hamlet if only to prove that the Shakespearean actor is not an extinct species

THE ROLL OF HONOR



Actors have been accused of indifference to public questions. But when we consider that over two thousand English players are to-day fighting on the bloody battlefields of Flanders, we must acknowledge that such snap judgment is not based on the true facts. When it comes to standing up for his country, the actor is as patriotic as any other member of society. There are no slackers among the American players. Many of them are now doing their bit at the front. We shall miss them in their accustomed place behind the foot-lights, but the theatregoer must be consoled knowing that his favorite is "over there" doing his damndest. Here follow the names of prominent men in the theatrical profession now taking their cues from Uncle Sam:

★	BOYD AGIN	CAPT. ROBERT STOWE GILL	JEROME PATRICK	★
	ROBERT I. AITKEN	PAUL GORDON	ARVID PAULSON	
	EARL ASKAM	BERNARD GRANVILLE	F. BRANDON PETERS	
	WILLIAM AUGUSTIN	CHARLES B. HANFORD	HORACE PORTER	
★	BEN AXELROD	CAPT. WILLIAM D. HARRIGAN	HARRY C. POWER	★
	MAJOR REGINALD BARLOW	WELLS HAWKES	TOM POWERS	
	JAMES BARNES	PERCY HELTON	DAVID GOULD PROCTOR	
	WILLIAM M. BEMUS, JR.	RAYMOND HOUSE	LIEUT. WILLIAM R. RANDALL	
	CAPT. M. F. BENTHAM	HAROLD HOWARD	CAPT. BERNARD W. REINOLD	
★	LIEUT. EARLE BOOTH	CHARLES HOWSON	JAMES RENNIE	★
	RAYMOND BRAMLEY	(Killed in action)	JOHN RICE	
	LIEUT. BASIL BROADHURST	CAPT. RUPERT HUGHES	RALPH M. RIMLEY	
	SERGT. THOMPSON BUCHANAN	CLYDE HUNNEWELLE	BERT ROBINSON	
	DANNY BURNS	FRANK G. JOWERS	STUART ROBSON	
★	EVERETT BUTTERFIELD	AL KAUFMAN	CLARENCE ROCKEFELLER	★
	DONALD CAMERON	LIEUT. JOHN C. KING	HAROLD S. RUEE	
	MAURICE CAMPBELL	EDWARD E. KIRBY	EDMUND SHALET	
	EARL CARROLL	LIEUT. WRIGHT KRAMER	JOHN SHANKS	
★	LEO G. CARROLL	SCHUYLER LADD	GEORGE SHELTON	★
	L. ANDREW CASTLE	EDWARD LANGFORD	CLARK SILVERNAIL	
	HARMON CHESHIRE	GEORGE NOLAN LEARY	LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA	
	GEORGE CLARK	ROLAND LEE	GORDON STANDING	
	W. F. CLARKE	PIERRE LE MAY	FRANK STEMBLER	
★	ROBERT L. COLEMAN	JOHN LITEL	GEORGE SWEET	★
	OWEN COLL	FRANCIS LITTLETON	FRAZER TARBUTT	
	GARDNER CRANE	CECIL MAGNUS	WILLIAM B. TAYLOR	
	JEFFERSON P. CRANE	J. CLANCY MATTHEWS	GEORGE H. TILTON, JR.	
★	ARTHUR DAVENPORT	CAPT. PAUL McALLISTER	RICHARD TUCKER	★
	REGINALD DENNY	MAJOR W. M. McCUTCHEON, JR.	HECTOR TURNBULL	
	JACK DEVEREAUX	EARLE METCALFE	HAROLD VERMILYEA	
	HARRY DEWEY	FRANK GRANT MILLS	THEODORE VON ELTZ	
	CAPT. C. B. DILLINGHAM	BAKER MOORE	WALTER WANGER	
★	BILLY DIXON	LOWELL MOORE	GEORGE NOBLE WASHBURNE	★
	JOHN DOWNER	J. MORRILL MORRISON	GEORGE WELLINGTON	
	S. RANKIN DREW	HARRY MOSELEY	GEORGE WETHERALD	
	JOE EDMUNDS	WARREN MUNSELL	LIEUT. WATSON WHITE	
	THOMAS JEFFERSON EVANS	ROBERT NEWMANN	JOHN WILLARD	
★	ARTHUR FINK	W. F. NUGENT	LIEUT. PAUL WILSTACH	★
	FREDERICK FORRESTER	FRANK OTTO	FRANK WRIGHT	

A second list will be published. Players joining the U. S. Forces are invited to send in their names.





Photos White

Margaret Fareleigh, Mary Pyne, Grace Henderson, Edwin Strawbridge, Helen Robbins, Fania Marinoff and Frank Conroy
Act I. Morning prayers in the home of Professor Borneman

SCENE IN "KAREN," A DRAMA FROM THE DANISH, AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE



Emilie Polini and Robert Kelly in
"Yes Or No" at the Longacre



Frances White and William Rock in
the new "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

FROM GREENWICH VILLAGE TO THE "MIDNIGHT FROLIC"

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



HAZEL TURNEY

ON the first night of Lou Tellegen's play, "Blind Youth," the actor-author drew from the wings a blushing, reluctant, fair-haired young person. Standing with his arm about her shoulder, he took three curtain calls with her. Which was quite to the audience's taste, for it had admired her sprightly Bobo, the little model of the Paris studios. Hazel Turney first appeared on the stage in a play given by stage children. Broadway has had a slight acquaintance with her in "The Cinderella Man"



JANE COOPER

Moffett

A VETERAN in the audience of "What's Your Husband Doing?" described in Jane Cooper a Maude Adams' quality. "She's like the Maude Adams who played the tipsy scene in 'The Masked Ball.'" Miss Cooper is of San Francisco by way of London. She secured the approval of Sir Herbert Tree, who arranged for an engagement with Cyril Maude at his Playhouse and charmed London critics in "The Night Hawk." She has been with David Warfield for three years



Hall

GLADYS GILBERT

ABOUT the Cohan and Harris Theatre they are dubbing her "Mary Anderson." The resemblance to the classic artiste is still a featural one, for Gladys Gilbert made her professional debut as the stenographer in "The Tailor-Made Man." Managers and audiences of long memories detected a likeness in her somewhat classic features, the brooding breadth between the eyes, and the exceptionally firm chin, of the mimic typewriter of Broadway, New York, and those attributes of the now Mrs. Navarro of Broadway, England. While this is Miss Gilbert's first appearance upon the stage, she had prepared for a Thespian career by an assiduous study of Shakespeare, representing the immortal William's creations, Juliet, Ophelia and Beatrice at war benefits



White

CALVIN THOMAS

LIKE Satan, Calvin Thomas, the juvenile leading man in "Tiger Rose" has roamed up and down the earth. He traveled in the United States with Richard Mansfield in "Peer Gynt." He registered himself in our consciousness by a juvenile rôle in "The Song of Songs"



BURFORD HAMPDEN

GEORGE TYLER discovered Burford Hampden of "The Pipes of Pan" in London. He is the only boy Puck who ever essayed that part in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in London. Mr. Tyler brought him to "The States" to play Tyltyl in "The Bluebird"

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



EMPIRE. "THE LADY WITH THE CAMELLIAS." Play in three acts with prologue and epilogue, by Alexander Dumas, fils. Revived on December 24th, with this cast:

Baron de Giray	Allen Ramsey
The Auctioneer	Douglas Paterson
The Concierge	John M. Troughton
Mme. Prudence	Rose Coghlan
Olympe Granier	Edith Campbell Walker
Nichette Duprat	Mary Worth
Nanine	Mary Hampton
Mme. La Comtesse D'Alencourt	Noel Haddon
Armand Duval	Conway Tearle
Georges Duval	Holbrook Blinn
Prince D'Aurec	Charles Wallace
Rene de Varville	Percy Marmont
Gaston Rieux	Leonard Mudie
Gustave Roger	Charles F. Coghlan
St. Gaudens	Maxwell Ryder
Doctor Guerin	Wallace Erskine
Bailiffs	Charles Webster
	Frederick Raymond
Marguerite Gautier	Ethel Barrymore
Clemende	Shirley Aubert
The Old Year	Herbert Ayling
The New Year	Cuscaden Blackwood

A YOUTHFUL and joyous, but not very subtle Camille is the dominant note of Ethel Barrymore's production of the Sheldonized version of Dumas' classic, "The Lady with the Camellias," at the Empire Theatre.

Volumes have been written about the morality and immorality of this life of a courtesan, but the indisputable fact remains that its story is of such universal comprehension in its direct appeal to the sympathetic and dramatic sensations of audiences that time can never wither nor constant repetition cloud its universal appeal.

The story takes care of itself and its two protagonists for more than half a century have been "stalking horses" for the big exponents of the emotional drama. Fechter was the ideal Armand; Doche, Laura Keane, Clara Morris, Bernhardt, Modjeska, Nethersole and Duse are a few of the more prominent feminine lights who have shed the rays of their genius in illuminating the joys and sufferings of the ill-fated Lady with the Camellias.

Now comes Miss Barrymore to portray her whose "sins were forgiven for she loved much." First be it said, she is the youngest looking Marguerite I have ever seen and in her sorrows, the tribute of tears is lavishly paid by those in front. There is no necessity for comparison with her predecessors. At the pres-

ent time she has the field to herself. While not an inspired performance her rendition will make her many new friends by its youthful charm, its plastic grace and its emotional concern. Those who have felt her capable of doing better work than the ephemeral qualities called for by a long line of Mrs. Dots, Lady Fredericks, etc., will rejoice to see that their confidence was not misplaced.

There is underneath it the fine spirit of youthful passion in Conway Tearle's assumption of Armand. Dignified and repressed, it tingles with the lure of adolescence; and so the scenes between the twain glow with a spiritual glamour that robs the story of its more sordid side.

The wicked old Mme. Prudence is acted with that fine authority so conspicuous in Rose Coghlan's art. Holbrook Blinn is impressive but hard as Duval *père*. There was fine exuberance and kind suggestion in the way Leonard Mudie played Gaston, while Mary Hampton delicately conveyed the thought of Nanine's sincere devotion.

Charles Wallace's vignette of the Prince D'Aurec was neatly etched, while the numerous minor rôles were all intelligently handled.

Rollo Peters' stage settings were altogether charming and artistic. Iden Payne, who staged the production, showed his imaginative gifts by the freshness and spirit of the entire presentation.

ASTOR. "WHY MARRY?" Comedy in three acts by Jesse Lynch Williams. Produced on December 25th, with this cast:

Jean	Lotus Robb
Rex	Harold West
Lucy	Beatrice Beckley
Cousin Theodore	Ernest Lawford
John	Edmund Breese
Uncle Everett	Nat C. Goodwin
Helen	Estelle Winwood
Ernest	Shelley Hull
The Butler	Richard Pitman
The Footman	Walter Goodson

WHY MARRY?" This is the piquant title of a brilliant comedy by Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams.

The real story of the play has to do with Helen, "whom everyone wants to marry, but who doesn't want to marry"—in the conventional

way. A young scientist loves her and she loves him. After much parley it is agreed between them that she is to accompany him to Paris, where he is to study, live with him and defy ceremonies and fool opinion until they liked one another no longer. They are intercepted by a genial old uncle and, on their return, while the house is in a turmoil over the situation, the uncle asks in a casual way, the one and then the other, the usual two questions that tie the knot. They answer affirmatively, and indignantly discover that they have been legally married. So ends that story. Two couples are married, two are reunited. That is all.

The play is handled well. Nat Goodwin, as the Uncle, contributes a saving quality of humor, and with Edmund Breese as the "Host," Shelley Hull as the Scientist—perhaps unscientific in love—Beatrice Beckley as the wife without spending money, Estelle Winwood as the girl who wants to make the experiment of the married relation without marriage, and Ernest Lawford as a Clergyman, and "yet a human being,"—with other capable human beings in the acting contingent, the performance was brilliant.

A comparison of Williams with Shaw is natural, if not inevitable, both using the same subject. Mr. Williams has the higher literary quality. The actual brilliance of either dramatist is not diminished by the observation that it would not seem to be difficult to be brilliant with a theme of such magnitude, such universal scope as matrimony.

"Why Marry?" is a brilliant play. So is "Getting Married." And neither gets anywhere.

LYRIC. "HAPPINESS." Play in three acts and an epilogue, by J. Hartley Manners. Produced on December 31st, with this cast:

Phillip Chandos	O. P. Heggie
Formoy MacDonagh	J. M. Kerrigan
John Scowcroft	Hubert Druce
Waiter	Andrew Stiles
A Boy	Warner Anderson
Mrs. Chrystal-Pole	Violet Cooper
Miss Perkins	Lynn Fontanne
Mrs. Wreay	Catherine Proctor
A Girl	Dorothea Camden
An Assistant	Edna Jane Hill
An Applicant	Dorothy Dunn
Jenny	Laurette Taylor

SOME years ago to relieve the tedium of presenting uninterruptedly "Peg O' My Heart," Laurette Taylor appeared in a matinée of short plays by her husband, J. Hartley Manners. One was called "Happiness." Such was her success in the rôle of an optimistically philosophic little milliner's assistant that Mr. Manners used it with some addenda as a preliminary act, tacked on two further "phases" and an epilogue and set it forth as a full evening's entertainment at the Lyric.

The preliminary canter, as on its original production, is an admirable little playlet, the padding processes which follow are not so happy. It is mechanical at best, the palpable expression of a need to fill time, accomplished, too, with an iteration of mood that makes for a plethora of saccharine.

But the central figure is an engaging one. Jenny's strong disposition to get on in the world, her devoted care of a deserted mother and the fine effect of her cheerful philosophy on the lives of the decadently selfish rich, result in a number of scenes that possess truth, charm and some dramatic value. But the epilogue is a clumsy bit by anti-climacteric bathos.

Miss Taylor's personality is a matter now of theatrical history. Her undeniable pathos, her rich quaint humor and her artless witchery are all evidenced at their best in the rôle of Jenny. J. M. Kerrigan, as an artless Irish electrician, is a valuable help, especially in the second phase, and Violet Kemble Cooper repeats her excellent rendition of the society woman awakened by Jenny's example to a full sense of her human responsibility.

An admirable bit is contributed by Lynn Fontanne as a voluble member of high society. Quietly pathetic is Catherine Proctor as the mother. O. P. Heggie, fine-actor as he is, serves only as an expert feeder.

PLAYHOUSE. "BILLETED." Comedy in three acts by F. Tennison, Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Produced on December 25th, with this cast:

Rose	Margaret Hoffman
Emmaline Liptrott	Sally Williams
Reverend Ambrose Liptrott	
	Roland Rushton
Penelope Moon	Phyllis Birkett
Betty Taradine	Margaret Anglin
Colonel Preedy	Langdon Bruce
Captain Rymill	Edward Emery
Cook	Myra Burrington
Mr. MacFarlane	Howard Lindsay

IN the country home of a Mrs Taradine two officers are billeted. Separated from her husband, to

avoid scandal, she announces the death of her spouse. But the second officer, when he turns up, turns out to be the man she has arbitrarily killed off. A reconciliation is finally effected but not before a number of amusing complications have been humorously settled.

Some of the housekeeping difficulties are presented with rich, homely humor, and the character drawing, if slightly conventional, is clean cut and theatrically satisfying. But the dialogue—is of a really superior quality. It is nicely polite, distinctly appropriate to character and situation and steadily replete with those observations that make for continuous chuckle and laughter.

It is nice to see so accomplished a comedienne as Miss Anglin so happily fitted.

BROADHURST. "LORD AND LADY ALGY." Comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton. Revived on December 22d, with this cast:

Duke of Droneborough	Geo. Fitzgerald
Marquis of Quarmby	Lumsden Hare
Lord Algernon	William Faversham
Hon. Crosby Jethro	Frederick Lloyd
Captain Standidge	George W. Howard
Brabazon Tudway	Maclyn Arbuckle
Richard Annesley	Franklin Fox
Montague Denton	C. Haviland-Chappell
Mr. Jeal	William Vaughan
Kinch	Harvey Hays
Sweepson	Herbert Belmore
Mawley Jemmett	Philip Leigh
Wyke	Julian Vauxhall
Lady Algernon Chetland	Maxine Elliott
Lady Pamela	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Ottoline Mallinson	Eva Le Gallienne
Emily Cardew	Grace Ade
Mrs. Brabazon Tudway	Irene Fenwick
Mrs. Vokins	Florine Arnold

"LORD AND LADY ALGY" is a feeble 19th century echo of the restoration comedy. It even goes so far as to transfer itself a century or so backward in atmosphere by means of its costume ball. For the most part, Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott sit "R" for ten lines, cross and sit "L" for ten lines, go "C" for ten lines and then repeat. This procedure gives everybody a chance to inspect Miss Elliott from all angles at varying distances—and that, I take it, is the main reason for the production.

The inspection well repays the effort it costs. For my part, I quite forgot the play in my admiration for the lady, gowns that would put the volatile Lombardi in Bellevue (with envy), and a few dozen carats of first-water brilliants, round and pear-shaped.

Mr. Faversham is, of course, a delight as the self-sacrificing profligate who loses all his money, saves Miss

Fenwick when she is about to desert Mr. Arbuckle in favor of Mr. Lumsden Hare, and persuades Lady Maxine to return to the conjugal roof-tree and learn to like Egyptian cigarettes.

Mr. Arbuckle's characterization of the explosive and abused soap-making husband is highly amusing; and Miss Fenwick is charming and youthful-looking as the romantic wife. The remainder of the cast does wonders in a way of galvanizing the hopelessly unreal puppets they are called upon to play.

So, you see, this revival is just a show of acting and personality. It ought to serve the players admirably for a little while here in New York and prove a gold mine in the "provinces."

THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LA NUIT DES ROIS." (Twelfth Night.) Produced on December 31st, with this cast:

Orsino	Henri Dhurthal
Sebastian	Madeleine Geoffroy
Antonio	Emile Chifoliau
Valentin	Andre Chotin
Curio	Jean Sarment
Sir Tobie Belch	Marcel Vallee
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Louis Juvet
Malvolio	Francois Gournac
Fabian	Marcel Millet
A Clown	Lucian Weber
Olivia	Valentine Tessier
Viola	Suzanne Bing
Maria	Jane Lory
A Captain	Robert Bogaert
A Captain	Paul Jacob-Hians
A Sailor	Jacques Vildrac
	Lucienne Bogaert
Ladies-in-waiting	Paulette Noizeux
	Cicette Jacob-Hians

THOROUGHLY Illyrian is the representation which the French players gave of "La Nuit Des Rois" at the Vieux Colombier. The distinct British undercurrent which Shakespeare gives his immortal comedy, "Twelfth Night," especially in the low comedy rôles, is quite lacking and the piece takes on by the new treatment a more fantastic and whimsical spirit of romance. It is none the less most entertaining and diverting and by the fixed central scene and constant use of depending draperies and alternating levels it is possible to give the text in its entirety, with practically no intermissions to interrupt the sequence or interest.

Personally I was delighted with the show. The costumes, if bizarre, were artistically sustained in their treatment, the actor of a high level of intelligence and accomplishment and the effect such that I wish some of our English-speaking players would make a similar Shakespearean

experiment. It had a nicer simplicity than the Granville Barker revolutionary venture and thereby gained indistinct effect.

Louis Jouvet as Sir Andrew was as good an Aguecheek as I ever saw. Very Gallic was Marcel Vallet as his bibulous associate Sir Toby. Francois Gournac was uneven as Malvolio. If over mercurial at times he had moments of real comic pathos.

A spirited Feste, with a nice singing voice and much physical grace was contributed by Marcel Millet while there was a buxom and rollicking Maria in the person of Jane Lory. Olivia had an impressive exponent in Valentine Tessier and there was impressive dignity in Emile Chifoliau's rendering of Antonio. Henry Dhurthal was rather wooden, I thought, as Orsino. Viola and her brother Sebastian looked alike as two peas. Suzanne Bing lacked a little of the sympathetic and romantic wistfulness we attach to the maid who "never told her love." Madeleine Geoffroy was a spirited foil.

CORT. "Flo-Flo." Musical entertainment in two acts by Fred de Gresac. Lyrics by E. Paulton. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced on December 20th, with this cast:

Flo-Flo	Vera Michelena
Isador Moser	James B. Carson
Robert Simpson	Oscar Figman
Billy Cope	Leon Leonard
Angelina Stokes	Wanda Lyon
Mrs. R. G. Stokes	Louise Beaudet
Count Pedro	George Renavent
Carmen Carassa	Fenita de Soria
Pink	Thos. Handers
Mud	Arthur Millis
Officer Casey	W. H. Mack
Maid	Marie Hollywell
Bella	Blanche Bellaire
Cora	Esther Ingham
Rosa	Anna Sands
Mona	Kate Stout

MR. CORT, frank, genial and complaisant, having made, it must be conceded, an honest but more or less futile endeavor to induce the public to consider serious and salubrious plays produced at his theatre, has determined, at least with "Flo-Flo," to "give 'em what they want."

From all indications "Flo-Flo" is what they want. It is possible that one entertainment of the sort is enough at one time. It is not so much the trading on the feminine form draped with daring economy at times (for that is common enough) as it is the riotous music and the same kind of abandonment to pleasure that preceded the Flood and which Noah warned against. For in-

stance, "Sara from Sahara" (music by Hugo Fry) is barbaric in frenzied animalism. But it is within the law. It is doubtful if as much could be said of some of Isidor Moser's smirks.

Isador Moser and Robert Simpson are partners in a "bride shop." There is a slight story resultant from their business. The dash and the swing of the music are alluring and so are the Bacchanalians who prance to it.

Arthur Millis and Thomas Handers are comical and diverting generally with eccentric dancing and their way of twirling hats in salutation and otherwise. They are a novelty.

Half a dozen songs and choruses put "Flo-Flo" on the standardized level of the customary comic opera. Capable people are in the cast,—Vera Michelena, Wanda Lyon, Louise Beaudet, George Renavent and others.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE COHAN REVUE 1918." Revue in two acts by George M. Cohan. Some of the songs by Irving Berlin. Produced on December 31st, with this cast:

Belasco	Charles Dow Clark
Belasco's Office Boy	Al Stedman
Jazbo	Irving Fisher
Polly of the Follies	Nora Bayes
Miss Maytime	Lila Rhodes
Mr. Maytime	Lou Luckett
Miss 1918	Lucille Romain
Jack O'Lantern	Hans Wilson
Bessie McCoy	Jessica Brown
Tiger Rose	Eleanor Henry
Bill McDevlin	Sydney Jarvis
Zeigfeld	Paul Nicholson
Potash	Phil White
Perlmutter	Paul E. Burns
Rosie Potash	Fanny Stedman
A Regular Tiger	Arthur Hill
A Newsboy	Neil Kelly
John Paul Bart	Frederic Santley
Frank Tinney	Bert Dunlop
Bluch	Harold Tuppinn
Frank Craven	Murry Evans
Chu Chin Chow	John B. Dyllin

IT must have been a tired Mr. Cohan, urged on by a strong sense of duty, who wrote this latest of his revues. Not that it isn't a good show; it's all of that and more. But I got the impression somehow that a great deal of time and money had been spent on some mediocre material lacking in novelty and inspiration.

The fact is, it is better as a spectacle with music than it is as a travesty or series of travesties—a state of affairs which in my opinion ought not to exist where the versatile G. M. C. is concerned. The burden of entertainment falls on Nora Bayes, who is not especially adapted to this field. She is bet-

ter singing her coon songs as in vaudeville than in any other capacity, although her burlesque of Mrs. Fiske as Madame Sand is amusing.

The imitations are for the most part only fair. The notable exception is, of course, Charles Winninger's miraculous reproduction of Leo Ditrichstein. But this bit is by no means novel, and it is overworked. The next best thing in the revue is the ragtime scene from "A Tailor-Made Man," which merely duplicates one of the most entertaining portions of the 1916 show.

Irving Berlin's contribution is unimportant. An elaborate black-and-white finale to Act I shows the American composer still distressed over Mendelssohn's claim to the "Spring Song." In fact, none of the music either by Mr. Berlin or Mr. Cohan is as bright or fetching as one could wish.

As explained above, despite these defects, the revue is a good show. The scenery is passable, and the costuming often gorgeous. The dancing, too, is unusual. Charles Dow Clark is seen much as Belasco; Frederic Santley gets a great deal of fun out of his take-off of Grant Mitchell; Bert Dunlop does well as Frank Tinney, and Hans Wilson is a sufficiently acrobatic Fred Stone. The Potash and Perlmutter, Hitchcock and Corbett imitations are largely disappointing.

Naturally enough, and as of yore, Mr. Cohan is fondest of burlesquing the productions of Messrs. Cohan and Harris. "The King" and "A Tailor-Made Man" get a lion's share of attention, and even "Going Up" is not too recent to find a niche. One missed "Lombardi" and "The Masquerader," "Leave It to Jane" and "Oh, Boy!"

GAIETY. "GENERAL POST." Comedy in three acts, by J. E. Harold Terry. Produced on December 24th, with this cast:

Sir Dennys Broughton	Thomas A. Wise
Lady Broughton	Cynthia Brooke
Alec.	Cecil Fletcher
Betty	Olive Tell
Watson	James Kearney
Edward Smith	William Courtenay
Albert Smith	Wigney Percyval

IT is pleasant to record a very genuine success with a thoroughly wholesome play. It is encouraging for it shows that the taste of New York theatregoers is not as depraved as some recent shameless exhibitions in bare legs and lingerie would lead us to believe.

"General Post" is an English importation. The play had a long run in London and its success will no doubt be duplicated here. The title is suggested by the old English drawing room game "Stage Coach" which always leaves one person standing. The story is told elsewhere in this issue.

The piece is full of hugely diverting situations to which Thomas A. Wise as the baronet contributes no small share. William Courtenay made a sympathetic and manly tailor and Olive Tell was delightful as Betty.

48TH STREET. "YES OR NO." Play in three acts by Arthur Goodrich. Produced on December 21st, with this cast:

Auntie Phipps	Wilette Kershaw
Nell	Eva Francis
Mrs. Berry	Emilie Polini
Gerald Kent	Kalman Matus
Phil	Walter Regan
Paul Derrick	Byron Beasley
Dr. Malloy	Halbert Brown
Jack	Robert Kelly
Emma	Marjorie Wood
Tom	John Adair, Jr.
Ruth	Lois Bartlett
Dan	William Read
Ellen	Margaret Lytle
Leach	Malcolm Duncan
Hooker	John A. Butler
Kittie	Adrienne Morrison
Daniel Berry	Frank Aberwald
Ruth Berry	Sally Tyscher
Nicholas Rankin	Irving Dillon

THE brood of "On Trial" is still with us after these several years. The latest specimen is "Yes or No," in which, after a prologue, the stage is divided in two, and scenes of life among the industrious lowly alternate with incidents in the affairs of the idle rich. We have first a glimpse of East Side tenement existence, and then the other half of the stage is lighted up to show us uptown conditions as familiarized by a faithful reading of Laura Jean Libbey.

Thus two-fourths of the platform are nearly always dark. Whoever happens to get caught when the lights shift has to stay there in the glooming until the other group of players have performed the next episode. All this is absurdly childish in its claim to novelty. As for the two alternately unfolded stories, they are almost identical in outline. In each case, as in the prologue, there is a wife without a smile because her husband is so immersed in business—so bent on making her future financially secure—that he cannot find time to take her to the movies or the Metropolitan, as the case may be.

They are two white slaves, one

of them having been sentenced at hard labor. She turns out to be the luckier. The bird from the gilded cage flies away with a cock sparrow; her husband dies of an overworked heart, and she, deserted, is on the verge of suicide when her faithful maid carries her off to the poor wife's home. Thereupon everybody goes into the washing-machine business, and we jump to the epilogue wherein the third neglected wife is saved from a fatal misstep by the confessions of the other two.

Miss Emilie Polini contributes much to the play by her accomplished acting of the poor wife's rôle. She is aided by the deft and lifelike comic characterizations contributed by Marjorie Wood as the slangy maid, John Adair, Jr., as her cocky young brother, and John A. Butler as her salesman Romeo.

LIBERTY. "GOING UP." Musical farce in three acts, founded on James Montgomery's comedy "The Aviator." Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach. Music by Louis A. Hirsch. Produced on December 25th, with this cast:

Miss Zonne	Ruth Donnelly
John Gordon	John Park
F. H. Douglas	Donald Meek
Mrs. Douglas	Grace Peters
Jules Gaillard	Joseph Lertora
Grace Douglas	Edith Day
Madeline Manners	Marion Sunshine
Hopkinson Brown	Frank Otto
Robert Street	Frank Craven
James Brooks	Arthur Stuart Hull
Sam Robinson	Edward Begley
Louis	Francois Vaulry

IT is always a relief to see Frank Craven in a play not written by himself. Unlike George M. Cohan, Mr. Craven can act better than he can sing, dance, or write; and this fact he demonstrates amply in the revamped "Aviator" of James Montgomery, which is now a most entertaining musical comedy known as "Going Up."

A gaunt and ominous birdman of yore is this comedian who, having learned to fly while perched on a table, clambers into a borrowed Bleriot and rashly skims forth into the unknown.

The music by Louis A. Hirsch includes three airs which we are all going to be very sick of before long. And that, of course, proves that the music is a decided success.

Edith Day, said to be a recruit from the screen, knows not only how to look pretty but to sing passably and to dance with something of the elin charm associated with the trippings of Miss Maud Fulton. The audience would apparently be satisfied to

have Miss Day dance the "Tickle-Toe" indefinitely. Perhaps that is why the management sends on the chorus to do it, instead.

Altogether, "Going Up" is full value in entertainment—music, dancing, color, and much honest and legitimate mirth.

FULTON. "WORDS AND MUSIC." Revue in two acts. Produced on December 24th, with this cast:

A Yogi	Wellington Cross
A Distinguished Playwright,	Frank Mayne
A Famous Composer	Ben Hendricks
Yogi's Assistant	Harry Seymour
A Commuter	Gladys Logan
A Stenographer	Anna May Seymour
A Gambler	Jay Wilson
A Theatrical Manager	Richard Carle
Gaby Delys	Marion Davies
A Plain-Clothes Man	Harry Tanner
Mrs. Cooings	Elizabeth Brice
Katie	Dorothy Hermann
Gazzoleen	Ray Dooley
Al Radish	Wm. Dooley
Inbad	Gordon Dooley

UTTERLY without inspiration or distinction, this revue's attempts at satire fall flat. The lure it sets for the eye—some pretty girls excepted—fails to register. Its music is mechanically thrown together and imitative. Its scenery is either commonplace or absurd. Its color combinations—to borrow a line used in the piece—are not a riot; they're a panic. Its comedy—well, when the female impersonator in the "Camouflage Café" orders artichoke salad, the witty Mr. Earle promptly translates it into "hope-you-choke."—And there you are.

REPUBLIC. "PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH." Farce in three acts by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan. Produced on December 24th, with this cast:

Nita Leslie	Francine Larrimore
Mary	Mary Vallen
Virginia Embry	Helen Menken
Leila Crofton	Carolyn Lilja
Angelica Irving	Sydney Shields
Reginald Irving	John Cumberland
Geoffrey Haywood	Will Deming
Frederick Leslie	Richard Gordon
Samuel Barkis	C. W. Butler
Polly Hathaway	Florence Moore
Wilfred Rogers	Tommy Meade
Carroll	Nick Judels

JOHN CUMBERLAND, through long experience in this class of play, has become an expert farceur. Hitherto, dainty Madge Kennedy has played opposite him and lent invaluable aid. In "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," however, he is ably assisted in his marital complications by Florence Moore, as a writer on a social scandal sheet, and a former chorus girl. A good farce of its kind.



Photos White



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, THE PRINCIPAL BEAUTY IN "OVER THE TOP"

Winsome Justine sings and dances a little, but it is her good looks and ability to wear magnificent costumes that make her a valued feature of "Over the Top," the sprightly revue at the 44th Street Roof Theatre



Mlle. Rolanda and her troupe of Russian dancers in a classical dance that is one of the hits of the revue

"OVER THE TOP" OPENS NEW YORK'S FIRST NINE O'CLOCK THEATRE

THE THEATRE FACE

There is the automobile face, the Wall Street face. What about the theatre face?

By MILDRED CRAM



AUDIENCES have individualities. One audience differs from another as one man differs from another. It is a matter of subtle shades, nuances of the spirit, the imperceptible lights and shadows of personality. Theatre audiences, concert audiences, opera and vaudeville audiences, all wear different faces, they all have their own flavor, their peculiar temperamental and bodily odor. They are likeable or hateful, stupid or vulgar, vacuous or openly hostile, critical or gaily responsive. And there is no accounting for their vagaries.

You and I, who are theatregoers, don't care particularly whether audiences have souls or not. But it is an honest fact that we give our precious egos to the usher together with our tickets, and that while we are settling ourselves in E14 the gods of the theatre distil from us, and from hundreds like us, the mob essence. We cease to be ourselves before the orchestra has completed the overture—we are the audience, a wilful, mysterious, terrifying and powerful entity, an individuality, a satiated monster demanding pleasure or a simpleton accepting anything. In the mere surrendering of ourselves to the shadows, the silence and the detachment of a theatre, we become an inseparable part of that vast personality. And our resentment is negative simply because theatregoing has been accepted as a form of pleasure ever since the remote beginnings of history. No one fears this absorption and obliteration of egos except those who have to face the audience from the stage. To them, the composite individuality which stares at them from the darkened auditorium is a thing to be feared, to be placated, to love or to cordially despise.



AUDIENCES are like goldfish gazing at a fantastic world that is irrevocably removed from them. They sit in a pool of shadows and focus upon a square of light. It is not impossible that they become self-hypnotized, given to mysterious hallucinations and waverings. The mob essence leaps like quicksilver from fever heat to freezing, but it is most dangerous when it attains, and holds, a medium temperature. Then the puppets in the square of light suffer untold agonies, for there is nothing more damnable than a temperate audience. To face one is like quizzing the Sphinx, to amuse one is like teasing smiles from the Jabberwock, to stir one is like straining to stir the Woolworth building single-handed. Musicians and actors say that it is easier to confront a storm of catcalls and boos than to come face to face with an indifferent house. It is as if the entire audience were attacked by a sort of spiritual lockjaw, tetanus of the enthusiasms! And heaven help the player or the musician who does not know the antidote!

What accounts for this blowing hot and cold of hundreds of people? It is not always the actor's fault. What pleases to-night's audience may leave to-morrow night's audience cold. If it is not an emotional contagion, if it is not a mysterious germ of pleasure or ennui that attacks the audience with all the swiftness of a Florentine plague, then it is perhaps something to do with the theatres themselves. A property

as elusive as acoustics may be built into theatres to confound managers and ruin professional reputations. There are theatres that depress us and theatres where every note of music and every word spoken is as rare and delicious as a perfect plum. It is possibly a gradual absorption of laughter and applause into the very plush of the curtains, the gilt on the ceilings, the lengths of carpet in the aisles, which endears such theatres to us. We never enter the Globe, the Little Theatre or the Belasco without expecting to be amused, since the pleasure of countless audiences has become part of the atmosphere, not tangible but communicative. If we tinge our homes with our own auras, why shouldn't hun-



Drawing by A. G. Cram

The tired business man and his wife

dreds of us gathered together under one roof splash our joy or our depression like paint against the walls? A successful theatre takes on a successful patina; when we enter an unsuccessful theatre we instinctively cross our fingers. This is not supernatural but natural. Theatres are never aired, the sun never penetrates them, and if dust cannot fly out of the windows how can the concentrated moods of innumerable audiences escape?

Polyglot New York has an audience for every one of her theatres and halls. At night the pleasure-seeking crowds pour into the streets; Broadway and the Forties are black with people intent upon being amused or thrilled or moved to tears. And one by one the theatres gulp their audiences; the crowd is sifted, assorted, miraculously divided into musical audiences, comic opera audiences, vaudeville audiences, highbrow and lowbrow audiences. By nine o'clock the thousands of pleasure-seekers have been reduced to sixty or seventy individualities and the puppets in the squares of lights are again confronted by the enigma of the mob essence.

A man goeth where he listeth when he goes to the theatre in the metropolis; he is not forced to buy tickets for the "Follies" because there is nothing else in town—he goes to the "Follies" because his fancy inclines to the Jazz band, and high kick, the black-faced comedian and Urban's scenery. If he cares for the intellectual drama he can find it in any one of a half a dozen theatres. He is not limited to one symphony orchestra nor to one recital, and there are times when he can take his choice between two opera houses. Thanks to this catholicity of choice, New York audiences are amazingly characteristic.

In the more exclusive theatres one encounters an air of restraint, an atmosphere of the drawing room, a well-bred acceptance of what is offered in the way of amusement. At the Little Theatre, the Belasco, the Empire, the Hudson or the Playhouse, there is, first of all, a luxury that is already traditional—dim lights, thick carpets, gongs, velvet curtains and decorous attendants. Evening dress is not compulsory but it is usual, and the stalls are always brilliant with beautiful gowns and the incandescent glow of many shirt bosoms. Theatregoing is becoming a picturesque formality—a vast improvement upon the carelessness of ten years ago, when only the first rows of the stalls and the boxes were considered conspicuous enough to warrant formal adornment. The European custom has added something of the star-dust of true theatregoing to our playhouses; we no longer look upon the drama as a digestive, but as a festivity. Our mood, then, is not intestinal but jovial, and the players who face the fashionable New York audience are certain of encountering sympathy and intelligence.



DO you remember the audience at the Little Theatre during the run of "A Pair of Silk Stockings"? Every line in the piece was a hit at the foibles of society. And society, amused beyond words, filled the theatre for months to laugh at itself. Do you remember the audiences that packed Ames' theatre again last year when "Pierrot the Prodigal" was being given there? "Pierrot" appealed to the intellectually fastidious, to the cosmopolitan, to the dreamer, the poet, the dilettante and the critic. It was strange, poignant, tragically beautiful. But there was nothing in it of the Broadway punch, the "pep," the so-called American drama. It was universal. And again the theatre was filled night after night, and again there were ripples of applause from distinguished and aquiline audiences.

There is rarely any enthusiasm about such audiences. They go to the theatre for the theatre's sake; they are capable of humor, they are often witty and mellow observers of life, they are occasionally ironical and invariably cosmopolitan.

Americans are mild critics; it is a national peculiarity. We are a polite people, and because we believe in giving the devil his due we are not at all formidable. When a play fails in New York it dies of stagnation. We have not yet tasted of the satisfaction which comes from a hearty boo or a long-drawn hiss whistled through



Photo Goldberg

PHOEBE FOSTER

Who is pretty and twenty-one, captured many hearts in "The Cinderella Man." She is now gaining more admirers by her girlish charm in "The Gypsy Trail" at the Plymouth



Fairchild

SYDNEY SHIELDS

Although "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" is merely a mirth provoker, depending for its humor on pajamas and negligees, Miss Shields brings real acting ability to the rôle of Angelica



Genthe

MARION COAKLEY

An appealing ingenue whose work in "The Country Cousin" has earned for her another metropolitan engagement—one of the leads in "Four Queens"



Ira L. Hill

RITA STANWOOD

Who lends Norman Trevor excellent support as his unsentimental, level-headed daughter in "The Pipes of Pan" at the Hudson

the teeth at some offensive fool on the stage. So it is natural that, as audiences, we seldom indulge in riots.

Our half-crazy idealists and intellectual demi-monde, our professional and semi-professional lotus-eaters, our poets, pedants, socialists, dogmatists and reformers are seldom unruly in the theatre. They appear in our audiences as isolated exclamation points, dark supermen and superwomen of the intellectual world.

Concert hall audiences are always passive, drugged, hypnotized by music and by their own overwhelming struggle not to cough or to sneeze during a *pianissimo* passage! The brightness of the lights is irritating; the bareness of the stage creates a vast ennui, and not until the concert is over and the restive audience is able to rush

toward the platform to implore encores is there ever any enthusiasm. Occasionally a musical personality of the theatrical type—a Bauer, a Kreisler, a McCormack or a Paderewski—is able to shake a concert audience out of its stupor. But for the most part music lovers gather together with an air of martyrdom and infect each other with restlessness, melancholy and influenza. They are pathetically eager for some diversion—they would shout with glee if the pianist or the director should happen to fall over a potted palm and go headlong. And when the concert is over they rush out into the fresh air again, like prisoners released.

Here is another phenomenon, if you are interested in the psychology of audiences. Night after night you may watch the gathering together

of hundreds of people who really like the music of the big bass drum, who really believe that the "G'wan, kid" school is the salvation of the American drama, who really think that a man is a hero who can "put over" a commercial deal, by fair means or foul, who are really convinced that good manners and manliness are incompatible. Night after night you may see audiences who shriek with laughter every time an English nobleman (on the stage) is outwitted by a straw-chewing Americano. These audiences are perfumed with Djer-Kiss and Spearmint. They are given to gusts of laughter; they resent anything serious; they feed on heart-throbs; they enjoy the reformation of successful criminals, the rescue of lost women, the homely philosophy of "sainted mothers." They are "the people."

M'AS TU VU?

In France they call an actor a M'as-tu-vu, which, anglicised, means Have-you-seen-me? We, too, have the I-I-I variety over here

By HUBERT SAVILE



PERSONS:

THE TRAGEDIAN

THE COMEDIAN

THE LEADING MAN

THE HEAD BELL BOY

PLACE: *The Lounge at the Sham's Club, New York City.*

The Tragedian, the Comedian and the Leading Man are seated in armchairs. The Head Bell Boy stands in the doorway. The Tragedian rubs his blue-black chin, and smooths his greasy ringlets. The Comedian twirls the large diamond ring on his left hand, and straightens the large diamond pin in his red necktie. The Leading Man glances over a batch of press notices just received from a clipping bureau. The Head Bell Boy looks on contemptuously.

THE TRAGEDIAN (*to no one in particular, but to everyone in general*): Brady called me up on the telephone this morning, before I was even out of bed! He said he was anxious to see me, as he was putting on a new production! I went around to his office, and he received me most cordially! For a time we talked in a desultory fashion, although Brady took the opportunity to express his admiration for my work, of which, it appears, he has kept pretty close track! He spoke of my characterization in "The Tiger's Mate," and also in "The Eye of Buddha!" He said I occupied a unique position in the American theatre, and that when it came to stage presence, clear enunciation, and understanding of the actor's art, I was in a class all by myself! It was because of these things that he desired me to be a member of the all-star cast he was engaging for a revival of a well-known melodrama! He offered me the part of the heavy villain, a part that would afford me great opportunities for—

THE COMEDIAN (*interrupting*): But did you get the job?

THE TRAGEDIAN: Well, you see, the salary Brady offered me—

THE COMEDIAN: Oh, you didn't get the job?

THE TRAGEDIAN: No, I declined with thanks, but I—

THE COMEDIAN (*interrupting*): Well, while you were interviewing Brady, I was interviewing Al Woods! He is putting on a new piece.

It is a farce by Flossie Flannagan, who write "Bedroom Slippers!" Al said it is the absolute limit, and, after he explained the plot and some of the situations, I quite agreed with him. He offered me a part. A blame good part, at that! The salary was agreed upon, and there was nothing left but the signing of the contract to clinch the bargain, when who should walk in but Flossie Flannagan, the authoress! And what should she say but that Mark Downer must play the part! "But why Mark Downer?" I gasped. "S-sh! He's her uncle!" said Al. So there was nothing more to be said or done! At first I was kind of sore, but, when I thought it over, I realized that in view of the work I have done, and the reputation I have attained, as a high-class comedian in clean-cut shows, I could not afford to be associated with one of those cheap and nasty—

THE TRAGEDIAN (*interrupting*): So you didn't get the job?

THE COMEDIAN: I wouldn't take the job!

THE TRAGEDIAN: Ahem! But, as I was saying, —

THE LEADING MAN (*interrupting, as he looks up from his press clippings*): Say, boys, here's a good one! Listen to this! From the *Perth Amboy Gazette*! "The Committee for Contributions, in charge of the Red Cross Bazaar, to be held at the Town Hall next week, has received an autograph photograph from Mr. Lionel Lesterbrooke, the celebrated actor. The picture, which will be raffled, is a striking one, but, even so, does not do Mr. Lesterbrooke justice, for he is universally recognized as the handsomest man on the stage." And, say, here's another! From the *Moving Picture Argus*! "It is reported that the Fabulous Film Company, of New York and Los Angeles, is negotiating with Lionel Lesterbrooke, the famous leading man of many Broadway productions, for his services, at a salary said to be between fifty and sixty thousand dollars a year!" And that's not all! Listen to this! From the *Cos Cob Courier*! "The body of Mary Jane Brown, only daughter of Postman John Henry Brown, was found yesterday afternoon in the creek. This is evidently a case of suicide. Postman Brown admits that he and his daughter had many disagreements because of her infatuation for an actor and her desire to go upon the stage. Last Summer Mary Jane became acquainted with

one Lionel Lesterbrooke, a play-actor from New York City who was boarding at the Higgins Cottage, on Elm Street." Really, boys, this comes to me as a genuine shock! The poor little girl was as pretty as a picture, and as simple as a child! She turned to me as naturally as a flower turns to the sun, but of course I—

THE TRAGEDIAN (*rising*): Well, I must be off! I have an appointment with Belasco! He wants me for the heavy lead in a new piece for Frances Starr!

THE COMEDIAN (*rising*): And that reminds me! I have an appointment with Klaw and Erlanger! They want me for the title rôle in a new comedy by Lotta Pepp!

(*The Tragedian and the Comedian go off together. The Leading Man re-reads his press notices. The Head Bell Boy turns to another Bell Boy.*)

THE HEAD BELL BOY: Gee, them actors hate themselves, don't they? Sure they do! Like kids hates candy, and ladies hates di'mins! Morning, noon and night they sits here, and chews the rag, letting off hot air like they was steam radiators! "I—I—I—I!" Aw, they makes me sick! "I'm the greatest tragedian in the world!" Sure he is—not. "I'm the greatest comedian in the world!" Sure he is—not! "I'm the handsomest leading man in the world!" Sure he is—not. If they's such great fellers, why ain't they working? They're out of jobs, every blame one of 'em! But they keeps right on talking just the same! Maybe they fool themselves, but they soitenly don't fool this here guy! Nothing like it! I ain't no boob! When I comes here from the Hotel Kickerbocker, I brings along the swell-est little reference you ever seen! The manager said I was honest and reliable! Them was his very voids! Honest and reliable! And he told me hisself, in poisson, that I was the best bell boy he had, and he was awful sorry to lose me! But I got flat feet, and couldn't hustle around no more! And now I'm head bell boy in a actors' club! The other night Mr. Voinon Sylvester told me I was the best head bell boy on the face of the oith! He was drunk when he said it, but it's the truth just the same! Somebody has got to be the best bell boy, and it just happens to be me!"

(CURTAIN.)



Photos White

Kate Stout, Anna Sands and Esther Ingham in "Flo-Flo," the musical entertainment at the Cort



Violet Heming, Charles Cherry and Ethel Intropidi in "The Naughty Wife" at the Harris



Florence Moore, Sydney Shields and John Cumberland in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" at the Republic



Edith Day and Frank Craven in "Going Up," a musical play at the Liberty

FARCE AND MUSIC MAKE BROADWAY APPEAL

THE SEX APPEAL

How far should an actress go in portraying a frenzy of passion?

By FLORENCE REED



MY chief task will be to overcome the title of this article. Even, with a certain definite knowledge that many stupid mistakes are made in the name of sex appeal, I still feel the danger of discussing a matter that is at best a delicate one to talk or write about.

A man I know tells me that Sex Appeal is the basic element in all arts. I do not agree with him, I do not find in the historical facts within our reach that genius in art has found its origin in the potential forces of sex. Besides, the stage is so essentially a technical study, so dependent upon self control, that the sex appeal in the theatre is really something entirely remote from what it appears to be.

It so happens that drama is drawn from the primitive elements of human nature, and therefore we find that the sex appeal on the stage is a very constant requirement for the actor. Perhaps it is quite natural that the public should associate the actress with certain qualities which she represents in the theatre. They do not know that this convincing pretense of feeling is only effective because it is entirely alien to herself. In all art there are tricks, and the chief trick that an actress learns is to hide herself from her public. The sex appeal in the art of acting has emphatically no relation to the actress. Perhaps feeling as I do, I cannot quite agree with the arrogant man who insists that Sex is the basis of all great art.

Since we must reckon with the power of it, I believe that in final analysis it may be regarded as a human element with a divine purpose. If we follow this thought, we find it confirmed in exceptional cases. For instance there are many people who do not like Rubens' marvelous women, claiming that they are too revealing of the great artist's intention for Sex Appeal.



THERE are also those who have seen that marvelous work of art by Rodin, "The Hand of God," and found in the extraordinary modeling of this masterpiece an offensiveness of sex.

There are others who find those exquisite and tender landscapes of Corot, flat and uninteresting, because they cannot feel the spiritual mystery, cannot see through the Divine light that has heightened the quality of Corot's picture.

In music, there are many who do not care for Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." It is too sexless, too gentle, too inaccessible in feeling. Yet if we consider for a moment that Beethoven was blind, that he could not see the exquisite mysteries of a moonlight night, how wonderful it was that he could feel so keenly and so tenderly the soft white lights and tender shadows of moonlight.

Then there was Mozart with his special grace, his tuneful politeness, his conservative discretion in feeling, being sure always to entertain with delicacy, to charm with sweetness of tone and tune. There was no brutality in the artistic feeling of such men, no violation of good taste, on the contrary a very fine spiritual instinct.

I do not wish to infer that the greatest success is obtained by delicacy of feeling in artistic endeavor. The world is full of human beings who are emerging from the slavery of their senses

to the freedom of their spirit, and during transition they are under the influence chiefly, of sex appeal. Writing, which is perhaps the most difficult of all arts because it appeals directly to hidden imagination is the most ordinary form of sex appeal, and the least valuable, or should I say harmful. Novelists and playwrights with that end in view to success, have paid their respects to the sex appeal liberally. Yet it is a question whether such stories or such plays survive the progress of the world. It is only in the books that hold philosophy, poetry, romance unspoiled by the brutality of sex, that lap over the centuries. It is not necessary to deny, to censor the sex appeal, but it is necessary to make it subservient to the higher purposes of life.



Goldberg

FLORENCE REED
As Zahrat-al-Kulub, the slave in
"Chu Chin Chow"

As an actress I have often found myself cast in a play where my character was disreputable. I have been given a task of enticing men away from the straight and narrow path, and some critics have been good enough to say that I did it very well. In such parts the actress is expected to exercise sex appeal. Naturally, she follows the direction of the play, she does her best as an artist to fulfill the demand of the playwright. But to say that such an actress approves, or even admits that the issue of sex can have any relation to her success in her art, is entirely false. All the arts require a measure of intellectual perception, of sympathy with

human emotion of all sorts, especially so on the stage where we must, with the skill of our art, pretend a fine feeling or a frenzy of passion. The modern play has been especially effective in its sex appeal, but, as acting is a business and plays of that sort make money, actresses must accept the situation as a business matter. Plays are made up of the plots and the passions of human nature but because I may find myself expressing sex appeal in some plays, is no basis of argument that I believe all art is based on the force of sex.

Briefly, this sketches the outline of what creates sex appeal. It is something in its essential elemental character that never should have been transplanted from the primitive fact to the imaginative appeal. Here it is, however, and novelists, painters, sculptors and playwrights have seized upon it as a universal medium, because it is an elemental law.

In the theatre we must cater to the theatre-goer, which means all that the theatre-goer has inherited from imaginative minds. The play is a public house of dollars in which the people in front see themselves, very often, as they should be. Nearly always, when an effort has been made in the modern theatre to interpret poetic thought, or to drive home a philosophy to check temperament, it has failed. Until some remarkable actress with a special genius of understanding for Ibsen has appeared, people have not understood Ibsen's plays, or enjoyed them.

The success of an intellectual play is rare. That is why managers are afraid to produce one. When it is produced there appears a strangely assorted audience, those who really like a good play, and those who are trying to. When we talk of a good play we mean preferably a play that has no sex appeal in it. Or, sometimes we mean just such a play. In the long run it is not this quality that makes a play great, though it will usually make it notorious.



I ADMIT there is such a thing as sex appeal in the theatre but not as the fundamental principle of theatrical art. It is a very active by-product, without any relation to artistic values in the play. No playwright has dared to deal with it as the dominating theme of a play. Shaw did write "Mrs. Warren's Profession," but he added to the theme a tonic of philosophy. Mr. Pinero has used it for dramatic color, but the sex appeal is always relegated to the care of a vigilant hero or a determined heroine. The poor long-suffering adventuress uses the sex appeal by prearranged plans with the villain. The temptress, however, we know is never tempted, and we feel confident that the heroine will resist temptation, just as she would in real life. I would be too cynical to believe otherwise.

No we must not be cynical towards the theatre, and that's what we are when we persist in pleading for the sex appeal in plays.

After all, is there any reason for cynicism towards the subject that we are discussing with exceptional frankness?

The Greek drama was right in the fact that sex appeal should be adorned with the raiment of imagination, as it frequently is not in modern plays.



Sarony

CLARA MORRIS

The most famous American impersonator



EUGENIE DOCHE

The first actress to play
Dumas' heroine—1852



ELEANORA DUSE

An interesting but rather bourgeois Camille



Moffett

OLGA NETHERSOLE

A distinguished English Lady with the Camellias



White

ETHEL BARRYMORE

The latest Camille, now giving a creditable
but not inspired performance at the Empire



© Rochlitz

SARAH BERNHARDT

The greatest of all Camilles

THE NEWEST CAMILLE AND SOME FAMOUS ONES

WHEN THE MATINEE IDOL GOES HOME

*His name and fame have been heralded and billboarded
from coast to coast, but back in his own town he is unsung*

By LEWIS ALLEN



P S-S-ST!" hisses a Pullman Passenger to his friend.

"Huh?" queries the friend.

"See that man down there—no, down on the other side, one with the lapful of magazines? Well, that's William de Lange!"

The Pullman Passenger's friend takes a good long hard look at William de Lange. "Never saw him off the stage before. He looks younger off than on. Gee whiz, man, I'd like his salary."

"Uh-huh, thousand a week if it's a cent. But he's worth it. Did you see him in 'A He Hero'?"

"Sure. That was nearly two years ago. I was reading this morning that he had just ended a run of eighty consecutive weeks at the Thespis, leading man in 'Hearts A-Sizzle.'"

And so they discuss William de Lange as the train whizzes them Westward. Now and then they flash past a billboard that contains a chromo likeness of Mr. de Lange, his name and the title of his show.

William de Lange is going back home for the first time in fifteen years. When he was getting \$25 a week for small parts, he couldn't afford the money to go back home and when he made good and was getting \$500 and up to twice that a week, he couldn't afford the time to go back. But now he has the summer for a rest. He needs it, and so he is homeward bound.



HE has written to his folks that he is coming. His folks are glad. Mother hopes that he will be sensible and quit play-actin' and settle down in his father's butcher shop, because father is getting old. Elder brother hopes he isn't coming home to sponge on them all Summer. He has also written to a few others about his home-coming, such as Major Bumpus, president of the Board of Trade, and Eph Swain, an old school chum, now a prosperous house painter and leader of the local Silver Cornet Band; Joe Griggs, editor and publisher of the local weekly newspaper, and perhaps a dozen or so others, giving them greetings and mentioning the exact hour that his train would arrive. To the leader of the Hardscrabble Silver Cornet Band William Lange's letter was most affectionate, and the hour of his arrival was underscored. To the editor of the Hardscrabble *Weekly Herald*, he enclosed some magazine clippings and photographs of himself.

At a certain Junction, William de Lange has to change to the local. No Pullman-bearing train ever stops at Hardscrabble. But he safely transfers his two suitcases, bundle of canes and umbrellas, hat box and leather case for press clippings. And as the local rattles along up and down grade, the scenery becomes more familiar.

"I wonder," he muses, "whether Eph's band boys will play 'Home Again' or 'Hail to the Chief'?" And then he begins to go over in his mind what he will say in reply to Major Bumpus' Address of Welcome. After that he tries to make a guess as to whether they will have a carriage or an automobile waiting for him, and about how many people will be at the station. Of course the news of his coming has spread

rapidly. Everyone in town, he knows, has been talking about the return of William de Lange, a home town boy, who had added bright laurels to the fair name of Hardscrabble.



THE *Weekly Herald* has, of course, printed a column or so about him, and perhaps with his picture. All these thoughts are keeping the mind of William de Lange active as the local wheezes and rattles nearer and nearer to Hardscrabble. Finally they round the curve by the river, pass the saw mill, Kelly's Tannery, the Sash and Blind Factory, and come to a stop alongside the dingy old building bearing the sign: "HARDSCRABBLE."

Jim Trask, station agent, baggage agent and telegrapher, seeing that no baggage truck was needed, promptly sits down on it and proceeds to light his pipe.

William de Lange arrays his baggage about him in an impossible line, then assumes his best stage smile, strikes a good pose and waits.

"The rascals," he muses, "always up to some pranks. Hiding behind the station, every one of them." But William de Lange is mistaken. No one is behind the station except Gyp, Jim's dog.

"Hello Jim," exclaims William de Lange in his warmest and most condescending manner. Years before he had been the most disappointed youth in Hardscrabble because Jim, instead of himself, got that swell job as station agent.



"LO," replies Jim.

William de Lange advances a little. Jim merely removes his pipe to expectorate, replaces it and stares down the track.

"By Jove," exclaims de Lange, keeping a wary eye at the ends of the station to be ready when the big bunch, the band boys and others, dash around. "You haven't changed a bit, Jim."

"Neither have you," comments Jim.

Ouch! Jim will never know what a jab he gave William de Lange at that moment.

"Er—er—" William de Lange pauses and cranes his neck to catch a glimpse of the big bunch behind the station, "er—a little late, aren't they?"

"Who?" asks Jim.

"Why the—er—the band and the Board of Trade members and—er—other delegates. They must be late."

"Late for what?" demands Jim.

William de Lange is silent.

"Gosh!" continues Jim. "Our County Fair won't be for three months yet, and our band boys and Board of Trade never turns out for anything except that. Want me to have one of my rigs tote that junk up to your Pa's?" Jim indicates the baggage with his toe.

William de Lange does. He selects his yellowest gloves, his nobbiest cane, exchanges his traveling cap for his silk tile and starts jauntily up street, albeit rather abashed.

Jim Trask yawns, gets up and telephones to his livery stable for Mike to hitch up the demo-

crat and come down for some baggage.

"'Nother drummer?" queries Mike.

"Naw," says Jim, yawning, "Bill Lang has come back!"

In the East the dramatic editors of the newspapers all mention the fact that "William de Lange, leading man in 'Hearts A-Sizzle' which has just closed a run of eighty weeks, has gone to his native town, Hardscrabble, for a well-earned rest. Many of these publications add that Mr. de Lange has signed contracts for another season with certain big producers, at an enormous figure.

In the West, in Hardscrabble, several people mention the fact that Bill Lang is back.



WILLIAM DE LANGE—in the back of the family Bible under "Births," he is down as William D. Lang—is greeted affectionately by his mother as "Willie," by his father as "William," by his elder brother as "Kid."

"How long you aimin' to stay, William?" asks practical father.

"Oh, I hardly know. May take a little run up through the Canadian Rockies with my friends, Belasco, Cohan, Brady, Ziegfeld and a few other of those chaps," yawns William de Lange, "you see I don't open up until the last week in August."

"Open up!" snorts elder brother, "you talk like you was an umbrella. Besides, you got your nerve, comin' home herē and livin' off of Paw all summer."

"Hush!" exclaims Mother.

"'Spose you come home broke—"

William de Lange has every right to be a trifle peeved. Hadn't he been sending on clippings and magazines and photographs for years?

"Not quite broke, Sid," he remarks and flashes his bank balance and a few steel-blue gems and other material and desirable things. Then he makes one mighty and desperate effort to acquaint his good people with the fact that he's a very Audible Noise along the White Way, that while no more than a couple score have their John Hancock in incandescents nightly, about four hundred thousand others would give their right arms to see their cognomens scintillate about 300 kilowatts per hour, nightly.

"You read what I was sending home?"

"Oh, yes, but you can read anything—" Elder Brother starts to get rough again. Dear old Mother explains.

"You see, Willie, we didn't say much to the town folks about jest what you was doin'. We want' overly proud of tellin' 'em you was jest play actin'. Besides, I have been hoping all along that you'd sorter settle down."

And at the end of the Summer when William de Lange returns, all the dramatic editors herald his coming, give him interviews, print pictures taken of him with the cows back on the farm and quote him regarding his new "vehicle" as he designates the next play in which he is to star.

But the Hardscrabble *Weekly Herald* publishes the following:

"Bill Lang has gone back to New York where he has a steady job with a theatre."

"THE KING" TOLD IN PICTURES

The King of Moldavia pays a visit to the French capital, and his amorous adventures become so tangled up with affairs of State that the Ministry totters. Incidentally the play throws satirical and highly diverting side-lights on the snobbish appreciation all Republics have for royalty and how the most intense radicals may be tamed by personal association with blood royal



Leo Ditrichstein in the rôle of the very naughty, but very human King



Dorothy Mortimer, Miriam Doyle, Betty Callish, Pauline Smith, Cora Witherspoon and Mr. Ditrichstein

Act II. The ladies pay homage to the King of Moldavia



Photos Burke Atwell

Miss Callish

Mr. Ditrichstein

Act I. The King comes under the charms of the intriguing actress



Miss Mortimer Mr. Ditrichstein

Act III. The bourgeoisie wife of the Socialist member of the Chamber renews her acquaintance with the King

LEO DITRICHSTEIN A HIT IN A COMEDY OF SATIRE



From a portrait by White Studio

IRENE FENWICK AS MRS. TUDWAY IN "LORD AND LADY ALGY"

In the case of the revival of R. C. Carton's comedy, the play is decidedly not the thing—the players are altogether *it*. Miss Fenwick was never more charming or youthful looking than in her rôle of the romantic, novel-reading wife



From a portrait by White Studio

MAXINE ELLIOTT AS "LADY ALGY" AT THE BROADHURST

The part of Lady Algernon Chetland receives the radiance of the beautified Maxine. "Beautified" is, in this connection, decidedly pertinent. Miss Elliott in all ways illustrates the triumphant combination of art and nature

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

The child player today is the successful actor tomorrow

By VERA BLOOM



WHEN Emerson gave his advice about hitching one's wagon to a star, he could hardly have foreseen the surprising number of baby carriages and prams that would be dashing through the theatrical heavens in this year of grace!

Small actresses, ballet-dancers, moving picture stars and infant prodigies can claim as much importance as the recognized "stars" of their calling. There is many a wee tot of four or five who is quite accustomed to having the world at her feet! Interviewers have no terror for her, in fact, she has usually studied what she is to say beforehand, and recites her past, present and future with glib promptness. She scans the new magazines for her pictures, and flies into quite a temperamental tantrum if she has been neglected.

It seems rather sad. Here these babies—for they are nothing more—who should have no other care in life but to make mud-pies and play with rag-dolls, have all the tribulations and adulations of a leading lady or a première danseuse. They are always conscious, either of their poses and gestures or of the sensation they are causing, and all they have to hear is "the lady is from a magazine, darling!" to rattle off the most astounding profundities!

But this is from the outside, from the viewpoint of a casual acquaintance. This is their "audience manner," be the audience one or a thousand. When they are off guard, they are the most loving and lovable children in the world. They chatter brightly instead of profoundly, and are quite like the little boy across the street or the little girl next door.



FORTUNATELY, I know them in that light, and it was only on going forth to interview a half dozen of the smallest and brightest stars that I realized what an impossible thing such an interview may be! So, begging your pardon for the absence of a "when-I-grow-up-I-am-going-to-devote-myself-to-serious-drama" speech from an infant who isn't old enough for the Montessori system, may I introduce them to you as they really are?

Doris Booth, who in a lifetime of six years has gained the highest place as an interpretive dancer, is the most elfish little creature in the world. Rose O'Neill told me that she is one of her Kewpies come to life. And there is more animation in her vital little face, and more charm in her personality than in that of any child I have ever met. It is impossible to forget that Doris is in a room. No matter who is there, she makes herself the center of attraction, and remains the center of attraction. She is tireless, and after two hours of dancing, during which time she has poured out her ardent little soul with music, for she never does the same dance twice, she begins to look around for someone who can play a good game of tag!

She is very strict with her audiences. At a persistent rustle or murmur, she calmly stops the music and demands silence! And she is extraordinarily sensitive to color. One day she had been dancing an Hungarian Rhapsody in a black chiffon costume, when the musicians started the "Spring Song." She began to dance, and then stopped. A whispered consultation with her

mother resulted in the reappearance of a radiant Doris in a wonderful shade of orange. "I couldn't do it," she explained soberly, "the black went against the music!" And she had never heard the "Spring Song" before.

Many people have claimed to be her teacher, but until last year her dancing had been entirely spontaneous. Since then, however, she has been in the hands of a Madame Jeanette, and this season she goes to school for the first time as a scholarship pupil at Ethical Culture.

She has the "star feeling" to such a high degree that she is utterly miserable when she is not being noticed. Where other children would be proud as Punch just to be sitting in a box at a theatre, Doris flutters around until the audience discovers who is in that box. With such a temperament as hers, it is not surprising that she is a distinct brunette type, with flashing eyes and coal black hair.



SHE can dramatize anything. A fan, a scarf, or a string of beads means a story to her, and for that reason many people think that when she is older she will be an actress and not a dancer. But even now her genius is so marked that Daniel Frohman, Helen Moller, Roshanara, Rose O'Neill and Maud Allan, who intended taking her to England to be educated and to dance for the Queen, have taken active interest in her career.

So with all the good fairies and a half dozen fairy godparents at her beck and call, there is every reason to expect Doris Booth to become great and famous as time goes on.

Little Virginia Gitchell, who works as hard as any prima ballerina at the stupendous technique of the Italian ballet, though just Doris' age, is her exact opposite in every way. Blond and blue-eyed, you will find her at the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School, in stiff tarlatan ballet skirts and satin slippers that were surely made for a doll. There, for hours every day, never once taking those bright little eyes from Madame Pauline Verhoeven's, her teacher's, face, she goes through the same arduous steps and exercises as the professional dancers swaying and bending like huge butterflies all about her, and in some cases it must be confessed, with far more ease and vim.



TO her it is incomprehensible that Doris can dance without knowing the difference between an *arabesque* and a *rondejambe*. In fact, I have seen her turn a haughty little shoulder while Doris was dancing! She sees no flashes of inspiration while the music plays; dancing to her means a lifetime of daily toil, incessant practice, and established rules with reward in that far future when she will be *première*.

But she has had her full share of glory. Every year, when the ballet school gives its annual performance at the Metropolitan, Virginia, a mere speck in the vast auditorium, captivates the audience with the most difficult dances. The first time she appeared the house was in an uproar, and Madame Verhoeven, waiting in the wings, told her to go out and repeat the dance. "Why should I?" asked the young star, "I did it right the first time!"

The adorable Belgian baby with Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella," was Miriam Battista, who, as one can tell from her name and melting brown eyes, is but once removed from Italy. If you were at the Actors' Fund Fair, you will remember her as the Red Cross baby-saleslady. Small as she is, not quite five, to be sure, she had considerable experience in the films with the Fox and Pathé companies before appearing with Miss Adams, and recently with Wilton Lackaye.

That she is fully alive to all that is happening was shown one night at the Empire. Miss Adams had made a "cut," that, because it only concerned herself and Norman Trevor, she had not mentioned to the company. When the time came, Mr. Trevor made a change, but a horrified voice came from a wooden box containing the Belgian baby: "Ooh! Dat bad mans fordoot his lines!"

Ethelmary Oakland, who, with the dignity of eight years, becomes the dowager of this society, lays her chief claim to fame as a star of the screen. Besides being Jack Pickford's leading lady in "The Dummy," she has supported Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter and many others. In fact she is Miss Minter's *protégée*, and the proudest moment in her young life was the first time she heard that she was a "little Mary Miles Minter." She is following her footsteps from the day she took part in "The Littlest Rebel," under her direction, word for word. She also played the child in one of the "On Trial" companies.



ETHELMARY has no doubts as to her course in life. She intends to prepare for both the stage and screen, and perhaps, if her voice should warrant it, the opera! Singing, dancing, acting and languages are a few subjects on her future schedule. She says that if she studies there is nothing she will be unable to do, and being such a beauty as she is, her course is all the more to her credit!

Recently this busy child appeared with Marjorie Rambeau in "Eyes of Youth" and with Marie Doro in "Barbara," and with her stage appearances, picture work, school and numberless private lessons, she is without a doubt one of the most occupied young ladies in town.

And now we come to young Frank Longacre who, if he continues the excellent work he is doing as brother Johnny in "The Gypsy Trail," bids fair to become an Arthur Hopkins star some fine day! For, rarest of all qualities in stage children, his blond head seems crammed full of a delightful and natural sense of humor, and he has a flair for turning the most commonplace line into a laugh. In fact, he is rather like a pocket-size edition of Roland Young, who lends so much atmosphere and dry comedy to Mr. Hopkins' plays. But above all off stage and on, Frank is a "regular boy."

There is a popular belief that clever stage children often grow up to be mediocre players; that their talent is forced out of them too early in life. But many have in their possession that same counter-charm of success that made such stars as Maude Adams, Elsie Janis, George M. Cohan, Fay Bainter, Wallace Eddinger, Mary Miles Minter and Mrs. Fiske—all children of the stage.



VIRGINIA GITCHELL

Blond and blue-eyed, this tiny dancer has captivated audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House



MIRIAM BATTISTA

Who was seen as the adorable Belgian baby, aged five, with Maude Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella"



© Moody

ETHELMARY OAKLAND

With the dignity of eight years this diminutive star of the screen was seen recently in "Eyes of Youth"



White

DORIS BOOTH

In a lifetime of six years this little artist has gained a high place as an interpretive dancer



Van der Weyde

LILLIAN EMERSON

Who scored at the recent children's matinée at the Cohan and Harris Theatre by her portrayal of the immortal Goldilocks

BABY PLAYERS OF TODAY WHO WILL BE THE STARS OF TOMORROW

WHAT THE THEATRE MEANS TO THE AUTHOR

One of America's foremost novelists admits she has no desire to write plays because the playwright's is a dog's life. Being an interview with

GERTRUDE ATHERTON



SINCE there has rarely been any real sympathy for the theatre, among those authors whose names have qualified their fame as novelists—no American writer of real American novels—(there are so many unreal novels published that this difference should be marked) — can talk with more searching criticism on this matter than Gertrude Atherton. She has an iconoclastic vision. Those who know the literary and dramatic quality of her novels, will agree on this point, including a vast number of people who never look at the title page to see who writes the novels they read.



© Pitzoldt
GERTRUDE ATHERTON

On one or two points that have been vigorously discussed since that far-away day when the dramatized novel was pitched into the bonfire of theatricalism, to the delight of the public and the despair of the novelist, Mrs. Atherton is uncompromisingly opposed to the theatre.

First: Because a playwright leads the life of a dog.

Secondly: Because a novel is (in Mrs. Atherton's case) an intimate revelation of real character—which she thinks the theatre is not.

Thirdly: Because it is scarcely ever possible to find an actor or an actress able to reproduce any deeply thought out and vividly realized character in historical or current novels, on the stage.

By no means entirely out of sympathy with the theatre, but temperamentally out of patience with the theatricalism of many plays, with the necessity of limitations put upon the playwright's service to the novelist, Mrs. Atherton's reasons for not having written a play herself will be a sufficient answer to this question so often put to her.



PEOPLE are constantly asking me why I don't write a play," she said, in the grimly staccato tone of mental attack.

"If I had that particular group of brain cells, that turns out plays, I suppose I should have been writing plays instead of novels all these years—but I have not, and I admit it without regret. Writing novels and stories is as necessary to me as any lesser function of my being. I should write them if I were as rich as Croesus or as poor as the afflicted Job—who by the way was not nearly so deserving of compassion as the playwright. His were the afflictions of boils, the playwright's misery is the affliction of producers. The former are curable, the latter incurable. From all that I hear, and from what I have seen, the playwright leads a dog's life, the kind of a dog that has a master who doesn't know a well-bred dog from an ordinary one. He writes a play, knowing that if it should ever be produced, it must be rewritten, and after that, stretched, or

cut, or otherwise altered to fit the shoulders of some slim attenuated "star" when it was originally intended to adorn a substantial one. The playwright may set his scenes in New York City. But Heaven only knows in what city of the world his play will finally be cast. He may have to travel a long way, to take his characters into the wilds of Alaska, or to the everglades of Florida before it is produced. The scene of one of my novels in going through the fitting process of an expert playwright started in Butte, Montana, and the last act is still hovering over the earth waiting for the producer to instruct the playwright in what part of the world it will light. The last place I heard of it was in Belgium. I believe it is still over there, because we must win the war.

"It is an incident that illustrates a playwright's servile task to please the producer. He looks up at him with a pleading dog-like faithfulness of canine intelligence reduced to a minimum, for a signal to tell him if he should run to heel or leap fretfully ahead.



PRODUCERS are not usually loquacious.

They whistle to the playwrights and properly or improperly feel that as they are putting up the money, they ought to write the play. I believe there are many actor-playwrights, one producer-playwright that we know of, and a great many that we don't know of. The reason that the playwright leads such a dog's life, is because producers are thinking about what the public wants on the stage. What the playwright thinks about that matter is of no consequence. Of course, it should be, but custom and the traditions of the theatre have forbidden it. Playwrights are consequently a very humble class of people who are sometimes permitted to see their plays in rehearsal, so that they can hear the abuse of the actors, and be on hand to rewrite any ideas that the producer may inject into a play. This is the deplorable situation of a playwright. For the author, whose novel is perhaps the cause of the playwright's humiliation, it is discouraging. It may be true, that there is a vast, ignorant public that goes to the theatre expecting a certain kind of bill of fare in their amusement, but a novelist is not entirely trained to the humility of a playwright, and is entirely opposed to the autocracy of the producer.

"The producer, if he desired to encourage the novelist to be inspired by the theatre, should glance at the relations of the novelist with the publisher. The publisher is entirely at our mercy. He may suggest but it never occurs to him to alter our manuscript. He either takes it or rejects it. He is usually a gentleman and a diplomat; no matter how arbitrary we writers may be (and I am very arbitrary) he strokes down or makes such concessions as are necessary—authors at a pinch could get along without publishers, but never publishers without authors.



FOR some reason the playwright is far more obsequious to the producer—possibly because he has no other medium, and he must have immediate success or none at all. The novelist, his

book on the market, can afford to wait for a slowly rising interest. If any publisher dared say to an author of standing, 'You go home and rewrite this book,' the author would simply walk out with the manuscript and take it to another publisher.

"There should be a point of contact between the person who has written a novel and the producer of that novel for the theatre, but it is usually a very perfunctory relationship. The author and the playwright assigned to the task, do engage in friendly conversation, that is, as friendly as any playwright can be, towards a novelist. No doubt it is quite natural that the playwright with his superior knowledge of stagecraft should feel quite independent of any suggestions made by the author. All that the author has is the printed novel, and being told by the playwright how difficult, how impossible, how entirely unsuited to the stage in novel form the book is, the author is placed in a very helpless position. What the author privately thinks of the playwright is rarely uttered. Only the author's publisher knows that, and he is usually a man of more discretion than valor.

"Perhaps there is no real point of contact between the producer and author. The play is quite a different thing in writing from that of the novel. The playwright and the novelist are not allies in any sense of the word, and the playwright never fails to impress upon the novelist the strangeness, the improbability, and the theatrical uselessness of the novel without his skill, and his spotlight. The novel and the play are as different in their relation to the artistic inspiration which they both claim, as a bit of hand carving, and a bit of mechanical carving. The source of the novel is a much more intimate adventure in art than the play. The novelist lives with the characters of a novel in daily life, the playwright jeopardizes life-like likenesses by putting colored lights on them, by making them stand up and sit down according to the technique of the theatre. The novelist has no such narrow bondage to put upon a character.



THE people in the novel do not act, they live in the mind, the eye, and the heart of a novelist. When they get into the playwright's shop, they are first killed by a process of stage deductions, and then they are prepared for the theatre on the principle that a taxidermist tries to make the glass eye of a tiger look as fierce and cunning as the tiger looks in life. It simply can't be done. All the flavor of a novel loses its cunning in the playwright's job. I am not disclaiming that there is quite as much talent required in the playwright of a theatrical kind, as there is in a novelist, but novels are not written for the box office. A novelist who writes a novel with an idea of the amount of money it will bring is not likely to turn out a very distinguished piece of work. To think of the money while in the imaginative throes of creating a character is to destroy one's work.

"The one threat which hangs like a lash over the playwright, however, the test by which he is given an enviable reputation in the the-



Lotus Robb Edmund Breese Harold West

Act I. When the older brother hears of the engagement, he hastens to congratulate the happy couple—only it's a question if they are happy



Ernest Lawford Nat C. Goodwin Edmund Breese Estelle Winwood

Act I. Then there's the other sister, Helen, who calmly announces she doesn't believe in marriage as an institution at all



Miss Winwood Edmund Breese

Act II. Helen is a "new woman" but she has many a feminine trick to handle a mere man



Mr. Breese Miss Robb Mr. Lawford Mr. Goodwin

Act III. So obedient Jean serves tea while Helen's case is discussed



Mr. Lawford Miss Robb Mr. Goodwin Mr. Breese

Act III. The good old Judge forgets all the troubles of the family when he hears that his wife of a quarter of a century is coming back to him

IN a given family are shown four aspects of marriage. The younger sister has been brought up to be married and nothing else. She finally accepts one of two lovers. Uncle Everett is a genial Judge whose wife has left him to sue for divorce. At the last moment she telegraphs that she is returning. Helen, the other sister, does not want to marry anyone—in the conventional way. A young scientist and she are in love. But through a ruse of the Judge, they too are finally united. "Why Marry?" is a brilliant play.

atre, is the amount of money his play will earn. And just there is where the novelist and the producer can never agree.

"Since a novel is an intimate revelation of real character, I am afraid that the theatre can never do entire justice to the author. I am very fond of the theatre, but I always wish there was better taste, nicer selection of language and a closer attention to untheatrical atmosphere than we usually find in plays on the American stage. There is a great difference between theatrical realism and literary realism. The former is always obvious, and the latter steals its way into the imagination of the reader more modestly. I am inclined to think that real interpretations of

real characters in novels are not possible in the theatre. I am often vastly entertained by plays but I rarely want to see one a second time—as for instance one buys a satisfying book for one's library. I cannot recall offhand any predestined to immortality. I regret to say, at this time, that the best realism in acting I have seen in the theatre before the war, was in Germany. There was an educational intent, because an actor who played a leading rôle one night, would be cast for a very small part in the next play. Such a system is very realistic because it happens to us all in life, that we play a big part for a day or two, and then settle back into smaller rôles that make up the average of life.

"The novelist usually builds a novel upon the realistic foundation of some character. Occasionally it is an historical character, and nothing seems to tempt the playwright so much as that kind of a novel, and no kind of a novel betrays the playwright so much at his worst as the historical novel. If the novelist has not gone into history for a character, then it is written around the soul, the mind, and the temperament of a portrait from life as nearly as a novelist can make one. These portraits are usually conceived by the novelist in very intimate association with them. They grow up around the novelist as realistically as if they were people far too real to be mummeried in the theatre.

THAT OVERWORKED "HAPPY ENDING"

No factor has done more harm to drama than the idiotic conclusions tacked on to plays by managers aiming to "please" the public

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



THE time has come for playgoers throughout the country to take a firm but decisive stand against the "happy ending." No single factor in the history of the American theatre has been a greater curse than the asinine assumption on the part of managers that "the public won't stand for an unhappy ending." It is this belief, which is most assuredly not upheld by the best traditions of the stage, that has ruined many a good play that could not, by all the laws of logic, have had anything except an unhappy ending.

The sentimental, sugary and altogether idiotic "unhappy ending" that is tacked to plays at the behest of some of our intelligent managers who couldn't tell the difference between Ibsen and insomnia, is probably the most potent reason why we have never developed a worthwhile drama in this country. What incentive is there to a real dramatist, a man who takes his art soberly and seriously, to write a big play when he knows there is no earthly chance for a production unless he throws overboard all logic and sacrifices his self-respect as a writer?

"My dear young friend," says our theatrical Mr. Chadband, chewing benevolently upon his all-Havana and smiling greasily upon the latest applicant for Broadway theatrical honors. "My dear young friend, this play of your's (business of tapping manuscript with impressive forefinger) is a most excellent piece of work—most excellent—but I could not possibly produce it in its present form. Oh, dear no! Your heroine is half across the room at the end of the play when she should be in the hero's arms declaring her undying love. Your play is too logical. It indicates too much intelligence. Now, my dear fellow, go back to your hall bedroom and rewrite this play. Inject more love into it—the public eats it up—and HAVE THAT GIRL IN THE MAN'S ARMS IN THE LAST ACT!"

For instance, Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin gave a logical ending to "Lilac Time." "The public won't stand for it," said the producer—and so a sentimental ending was tacked on—an ending that was infinitely more tragic to the man and woman of brains than the original artistic dénouement.

Then Mrs. Murfin and Miss Cowl wrote another play, entitled "Daybreak." The authors, having

the courage of their artistic convictions, gave this a logical ending—the only possible ending for that particular sort of play.

"The public won't stand for it" was the parrot-like repetition of the same manager. So the ending was changed—changed in such a way that it was an insult to the intelligence of any one possessing a thimbleful of brains.

Let us analyze "Daybreak" just for a moment. In this play a splendid and highly sensitive woman is married to a drunken beast. She has a child and is so afraid of the possible influence of the father upon the baby that she keeps from him the fact of his parentage. The secrecy that is maintained about the child's existence by the family physician excites the husband's suspicions and he accuses his wife of wrongdoing. Of course, this is all rather preposterous. But it was worked out with a semblance of reality at least. And in the first version this beast of a husband is justly killed by the infuriated husband of a young woman whose life he has ruined. It was the only way out of the dilemma; it was as inevitable as fate itself.

But mark what happened! The producer found that the play was not bringing enough money to the box-office. It never seemed to occur to him that this might have been due to any number of half a dozen reasons. He saw only one: the play didn't have a happy ending! What a chump he was not to have seen this earlier! So—presto! When "Daybreak" started out upon its perilous journey along the road, those who had seen it in New York were amazed to find that, despite the fact that the husband was still a drunken beast, his life had been saved by the merciful producer. Now the play closes with the wife in her drunken husband's arms, and the credulous audience is expected to go away in the pleasant belief that "they lived happily ever afterward," although the playwrights had made it obviously plain by motivation that the husband had tried repeatedly to reform and failed.

Because the producer fatuously believed that an American audience would not accept a logical ending to a play, a preposterous substitute was foisted upon the public that was just as convincing as one of Senator La Follette's pacifistic arguments.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience! What steps must be taken by the

American theatregoer to safeguard himself from the mushy happy ending? What punishment is adequate for the tyrant that inflicts upon us this unendurable suffering?

Some fine morning we may expect to pick up the paper and read this announcement:

"Mr. So-and-so thinks that there is still a demand in this country for Shakespeare's plays, so he expects to produce 'Macbeth' and 'King Lear' in the near future. He has engaged Mr. Hack to rewrite these two plays and give them HAPPY ENDINGS."

Can you imagine Macbeth defeating Macduff and claspng Lady Macbeth in his arms as the curtain falls? Can you picture Cordelia rushing to the center of the stage, throwing her arms around King Lear and exclaiming in Pollyanna tones of joy: "Father, I have come back to you! THE ROPE BROKE!"

Or, conjure up a picture of Paula Tanqueray tearfully embracing her husband while she explains to the spotlight that the pistol missed fire! Or the heroine of "Mid-Channel" returning with the announcement that an awning broke her fall when she threw herself from the window! Or, the cough-racked Camille arising from her bed and babbling with rapturous joy that it wasn't tuberculosis after all but merely the croup!

Imagine what a gorgeously happy ending it would be if Horatio explained to Hamlet that the "potent poison" was merely a sleeping draught and that he would yet live to realize that "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world." What a chance it would be for the Broadway dramatist! He could doctor up Horatio's famous line and make it read:

"Good night, sweet prince!

And flights of theatrical 'angels' sing thee to thy rest!"

No, Mr. Manager, we think you are wrong. You can't get away from the fact that some fairly good plays have been produced that didn't have happy endings. May we timidly call your attention to a few of them: "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "Magda," "Monna Vanna," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Mid-Channel," "Michael and His Lost Angel," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Justice," "Rutherford and Son" and "The Easiest Way." There are still a few others, but we don't want to rub it in.

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

CONDUCTED *By* CHARLES D. ISAACSON

WILL you permit me to come into your family circle? I should like to meet you and become good friends with you. Here is Father, Mother, Sister and Brother. To help the poor writer fellow, let us assume that each of you represents a distinct type. Father is a business man who simply can't get away from his desk long enough to become very much of a music-man. Mother used to play piano a little, before she was married. She practised an hour or so a day, when she was a young girl, but the duties of the household soon made it impossible to continue and she hasn't played a note for years. Brother hasn't the patience to listen to music—he is for sports and entertainment with the punch. While Sister—she has a voice; she can do the simple songs of the day, and can play piano a little—just enough to entertain the company for a bit.

Over there is the piano—yes, of course, it needs tuning, and it's going to be done next week. And there is the phonograph, with some records, let us see, dance, musical comedy, and Caruso in "Pagliacci" and Alma Gluck in "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Here's a good time to choose for my visit. Father is down at the office, brother is at high school and sister is out on a visit. Mother's home alone,—I'll talk with her—it's easier with one at a time.

Mother's in the sewing room, just mending a batch of things; supper is cooking, the house is all dusted and Mary the maid is properly coached for the next hour's duties. Mother's tired. Whoever said that the woman at home has it all so easy?

"Can you spare ten minutes?"

"Oh, absolutely not, there's so much to be done before the family gets home."

"Well, just five minutes—come on into the parlor. Your mind is fagged—take a vacation for a while, it's going to help. Play me something at the piano."

"Oh, no, I'm all out of practice, haven't played for years."

"Well, don't mind me, please, I hear all kinds of pianists and this won't matter."

"If you insist, let me see, here's a little melody I played when I was a girl."

"Fine! That's not half bad. Now do it again."

"—But my sewing?"

"Let it wait. I want to tell you, madame, that you have real talent, and you can bring back your ability very easily. You are happy to know it? Of course, and now go back to your needle, and work. Of course the brain-fag is gone; you took your mind off the work, your whole mental and spiritual system has been cleared up with those few minutes of music. Do it every day for a month—just ten minutes of it, and I'll guarantee you'll not only become proficient as a player again, but the little recreation will absolutely tone you up. If only women would do this—not let their girlhood music training go to waste, but keep it up."

"And if they can't play, like my sister-in-law?"

"There's the player-piano and the phonograph. Let me tell you a little story about one woman I know. She worked hard, too—had a big family and many responsibilities, and she was fast losing all the idealistic impulses of her early days. She couldn't play, couldn't sing, and yet I was sure she had music in her. There are more people with music in them than not. Just because it hasn't come out, is no proof it isn't there. I'll show you how you can tell if you have music in your heart. That's what I said to this woman.

Get a player-piano in your home. Now pick a roll of Chaminade's "Flatterer," that's as good as any other. Listen to it. Pretty? Not only pretty but quite whimsical and picturesque. Imagine a ball room, brilliantly lighted, exquisite, dreamy waltz orchestra. An alcove, a beautiful woman; a handsome, suave gentleman. "Come dance with me, my lovely queen of the ball"—his words are sweet and tipped with poisonous temptation. Now listen to the music again—isn't it true, that picture? You try it. The notes are all there—you can't make a mistake, just use your feet on the pedals. Not very poetical are feet, you say? No, but you wait, those very



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SOPHIE BRASLAU

feet will make the notes take on meanings vastly different as *you* will. Don't let the music play mechanically—here, interpret as you wish. Make the flatterer more suave, make him more satanic, draw grace in the lady's arm, make the waltz a narcotic—ah, you are getting it. Let other pianists play their notes and interpret. You, the non-musician, can interpret along with him, your music all made perfect for you.

"That is the story of the woman who couldn't play or sing, and yet each day when housework and other cares and duties tire her, she brings music into her life, growing herself more musical with each attempt, learning the great compositions and understanding their veiled significance. That, Mother, is what you may tell your sister-in-law, you with your piano, she with her player-piano."

"Tonight, will you try another experiment? The children are going out—you'll be all alone with Father. Take him into the parlor, and—the plot is laid, we are eager to watch it develop."

"Come, Father, I want you to leave your nasty old papers, and come into the front room. You and I are to be left quite alone, just like two young sweethearts. Remember, dear, when we were youngsters?"

"Oh, there you go, getting sentimental again"—Father growls.

"Can't you, my husband?"

"Say, what place in our matter-of-fact existence is there for such silly sentiment?"

Never mind him—just lead him into the parlor, put the lights down low, seat him in the big arm-chair near the hearth, put a nice, fat cigar in his mouth, and you steal to the piano. Play that music you tried this afternoon.

Say, that's mighty pretty—never thought you could do as well. Play some more.

Yes, play some more, some terribly sentimental music, of Chopin or Mendelssohn. Fill in with that record of Caruso in "Pagliacci," where he laughs though his heart is breaking. And bring out again the "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" with Alma Gluck. What's happened to Father, has he lost his tongue? No, he's finding there's something left down there in him. That's music, and it's being fanned into life again.

Oh, that little spark of beauty, down in the heart of men and women, which I call love of music, but which you might call love of love—don't let it go out, men and women. Fan it back into life with a gust of fine moving music, at home or the concert. What makes this living worth while, if not such moments as these, with Father and Mother again in the parlor, lingering over early days, through the power of music to conjure the scenes back to life?

I went into the saddest place in the world the other day—Blackwell's Island—into the Home of the Paupers, men and women who are down, some of them one-time millionaires, doctors, musicians, business men, and some who were never anything. Tragic-faced, desolate creatures—and I brought them music, asked them to listen with a complete abandon, forgetting the things that are, for the things that once were. Watching their faces transformed, was the surest evidence of the potency of music, to bring joy no matter where or by whom it is sought. To me, music must be considered for all that it is—not merely a pleasant series of sounds to tickle the ear and while away a little time in idle entertainment, but a real cultural influence, able to nourish and beautify life as no other force is able to accomplish. Not only for you—Father, but for that boy and girl have music, and plenty of it in your lives.

Let me talk to that son of yours—he who doesn't want to pamper himself with music, he who considers music something quite unmasculine. He will be surprised when he learns the splendid treasures he is missing.

And what do you think, my boy, of a musician who was a wild man of the woods? Just imagine a hulk of a man writing music! He went barefoot when he was a youngster, did Gluck. He hunted and killed with his bare hands, and then played violin for the travelers. His outdoor existence had made him eager to translate the emotions of the woods and nature in music. Surely, my son, the sounds of the birds and beasts and the trees and breezes, coupled with Gluck's great gladness to be alive and part of the natural existence were written in his music. That's what music is, anyway.

Then life changed—people were anxious to hear his music; he traveled to Paris; but do you think he was able to bow and scrape before the nobles and flunkies?

Ah, no, you would have delighted to see his great independence, to see him amazing the courtiers with his brazenness. He was a terrible specimen—he ate like a boar! He talked in a thunderous voice. Now, his music is the sort of thing for those who love bigness and dramatic action.

You admire Lincoln, my son? Ah, you will love this fellow Gluck. But you will idolize the great Beethoven. Think of a little fellow seven years old, dragged out of his bed by a drunken father, and forced, yes, cuffed into playing for tipplers at the inn. Brought into manhood hungry and eternally disappointed, your sympathies are certain to go with him. See his picture—short, heavy, his tremendous head.

But the tragic part, boy, is this—Beethoven went stone deaf, couldn't hear a note of his music—the greatest ever written. Oh, the surging tides and rolling powers of action and emotion heard in Beethoven's heart. Here is his "Heroic Symphony," conceived as a tribute to Napoleon. You marvel at Napoleon's career—here you listen to a musical interpretation of his character. You see the little Corsican leading his armies to victories, feel inwardly all the ambitions, desires, schemes, of his gigantic brain. The hero is painted in flaming colors.

What do you mean that music is unmasculine? In music are *men*. Behind every note is the career of a *man*. You like to know doers of deeds? These are musicians. Here is a man who learned how to fashion out of a few bits of wood, the instrument known as a violin; to make that wood speak in tones of deepest tragedy or wildest passion. I could show you violins of the old Cremonese, Stradivarius, made in 1630, mind you, worth to-day thousands of dollars, and to-day the noblest of all violins. Would you like to know why old violins are better than new? Your physics teacher shows you that everything is made of tiny molecules. This wood is but the composite of trillions of little living organisms. Some wood is stiff and lethargic; Stradivarius used responsive "liquid" wood. With the action of time and constant playing, these atoms rubbed against each other, smoothing away angles and making the parts infinitely more responsive. If a violin isn't played for a long time, it needs to be "brought back" by playing. In cold weather, it is stiff; in damp weather, it is groggy—just like human beings.

Now, let's look *into* the piano—bet you never thought of doing that before, did you? Just let it stand there as if you didn't realize that it was a really true member of the family, with a voice and heart and a pretty loving feeling toward you. You touch this key, watch what happens. Place your foot on the pedal, see how those dampers lift from the strings. Done by great men, you'll admit. And say, that piano has a history—once upon a time the strings weren't hit like that. They were plucked as you would do with a harp, and it wasn't called piano at all, but just plain harpsichord. We haven't time to go into all that now—we'll discuss it in place, but I want you to agree with me about music's manifold interests, and to see that if you don't know something about it, you'll not pass it up, as the black man I met down South who said: "No, I doan know nothing about anything and I doan care who knows it." I'd think a fellow who didn't like some sort of sport, a pretty poor sort of chap; and the one who didn't enjoy eating, a poor little dyspeptic; and the woman who couldn't laugh at a good play, an old grouch! Music is necessary to an all-around culture, and the man who gave you the impression that in order to be a music-lover you must get a special kind of baptism, ought to be doomed! You, my boy, laughing and alive, are just the sort of music lover I'm looking for because you're going to help me to cast out all this superstition and tomfoolery which has been exorcised into being by cads, crabs, snobs and ignoramuses.

And Sister who plays to-day and sings a bit—let us set her aside for a while. We'll return to her in our next visit. But in the meantime, why can't we all go down to the opera? Before we go, let's ask Artur Bodanzky, Conductor of the Metropolitan, to have a little chat with us (these

artists are really good fellows, very human as you'll see, and the kind of souls you enjoy having for everyday company).

This is Mr. Bodanzky, this tall, thin, bespectacled gentleman. As he talks, you imagine he is leading—he moves his hand as though he were drawing out whole nuances with every thought he expresses.

"America is the most truly music-loving public in the world," he tells us. "You need education, that's all. You sing—my, how you sing and you instinctively understand everything."

"Why, everyone has a piano, it seems to me"—it is Yolanda Mero, celebrated pianiste, speaking. A charming, laughing, happy, beautiful woman is Mme. Mero, a true friend of American audiences, known from Painted Post to New York City.

Bodanzky: "If you folks, Father, Mother, Sister and Brother, will come over the footlights at the opera it will help you to understand. When I



IDELLE PATTERSON

direct an opera it seems to me as though I were recreating each note. That is the only way a conductor or a singer can do well. I go through every emotion and heartache of the composer. I forget myself; sometimes I grow so violent that I bang my hand on the stand. During 'Boris Godunoff,' the other night, I had to bandage my finger, I struck it so violently during the dance scene. A member of the orchestra had played too well! That sounds peculiar! But the orchestra in a symphony or opera must be just a great mechanism, each man playing his part in the ensemble. Soloists would never do, you know.

"When I want an effect, I must be able to put my finger on any section of the orchestra, and get it instantaneously. The people at the Opera are such lovable creatures, so amenable to reason—they put themselves into the conductor's hands like little children—Caruso, Amato, Homer, and all of them. It is a joy to work with them, you may be sure."

Mero: "Through your phonographs, all America, in the smallest towns, know these operatic celebrities, and not only have gained a love of music, but are able to criticize intelligently. You would be surprised to know what great piano music the little townfolk actually have come to recognize and love—not only Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, but the Nocturnes of Chopin and the Arabesques of Debussy. I have a laundress out in

my country home—she doesn't earn as much as I wish she did—but she whispered to me one day: 'Madame, I should very much like to have you hear my little girl play a Butterfly song of Lavalee, I think you call it. It would give me much pleasure to know what you think of her.' She played well—think of it, and that mother had spent a surprising percentage of her income on her little girl's musical education. That's a fine spirit."

Bodanzky: "With a concerted effort to encourage American talent, that very sort of learning will bring forth new American music and musicians. I will tell you my idea of what is needed—an American Conservatory of Music, under the jurisdiction of the Government. It should be connected with the Metropolitan Opera House—and each artist should be used to help the pupils. The orchestra could be utilized to give actual demonstrations to the pupils—the theories would be actualized. At the head of such department, could be imported the foremost teachers in the world. American money can buy anything—and, first thing you know, instead of America sending her young students to Europe, America would be receiving European students."

Of course, folks, when you get musicians together, they are sure to come around sooner or later to something directly connected with musical progress—so we better not get into any discussion on National Conservatories, for here is the great pianist, Leopold Godowsky with his opinion, and here is Arthur Hartmann, the violinist, with his, and Oh, my! But get on a footing with these children of the world, the musicians, and you find them the most engaging, unsophisticated, ingenuous creatures you have ever met. What does the lion of the hour in music, Jascha Heifetz, worry about? Not how to speak English, but how to speak slang! What does Artur Bodanzky want—to hear all the ragtime he can find! And Leopold Godowsky—but to learn the real Bohemianism of America.

"What do you suppose that atmosphere of European musical centres really is?" Godowsky asks you. "Do you think it was given by any exclusive God-endowed privilege to the European cities alone; part of the soil or buildings? No, indeed, it is in the individuals who frequent the places. To-day, in parts of the great American cities, there are more famous musicians than formerly any European town could boast. And hence the musical atmosphere is settling upon us here."

YOUR PART IN THIS MUSIC WORK

WHEN I started this department in THEATRE MAGAZINE, I said to my friends, the publishers: "I don't want to write something which may seem entertaining for the moment and then be forgotten. I'd far rather do something that fits one reader than amuse ten; I'd far rather start something definite in ten homes, than merely be read in a hundred." I am anxious for an intimate relation with the readers—so that they will feel a kinship with me. I'll feel best, when every man and woman who reads what I say, writes to me and tells me so. Or better, that whenever a question relating to music arises, that there won't be any hesitancy in moving it right along to me and giving me an opportunity to help.

Are you thinking about the children's musical education—what age to start them, and how to make the practice hour not a tedious matter? Are you wondering what sort of music is the best to keep the children entertained? Are you trying to learn how best to gain an understanding of the great operas and symphonic music? Are you endeavoring to pick an instrument—piano, player-piano, phonograph, violin? Are you eager to make up programs for home, (Concluded on page 114)

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BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

She gazes in the crystal for Angelina and forecasts the new Spring Clothes

By ANNE ARCHBALD



IT was a cold evening in February. Angelina, standing waiting in the lobby of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, shivered every time the big door swung open to let in the crowds. The shiver, however, was not entirely due to the cold. There was a two-thirds element of excitement in it. For Angelina was about to enjoy an experience absolutely new to her young existence. Clenched tightly in her hand were two seats for "The Eyes of Youth," which she was to witness presently, as soon as a mysterious personage designated as "the sketcher" arrived to go in with her.

* * *

But, though this constituted a preliminary bit of the new experience, it didn't condition the excitement. That was to come afterwards,—magic afterwards, thrilling and a bit terrifying. Angelina was to go behind the scenes, meet the star of the play, Miss Marjorie Rambeau, and hear her talk about the coming season's clothes. Not only meet a real live actress, but actually sit and talk with her, in her dressing-room! ("I do hope it's chintz-lined," thought Angelina, "such as I've read about in the magazines.") No wonder she was excited.

* * *

"Oh, Mary, I never could do it," she had protested earlier in the day. "I should be so overcome with awe and embarrassment I couldn't say a word."

"Nonsense," she was snubbed. "Miss Rambeau will take care of all that. Actresses are the most delightful strangers in the world to meet, absolutely *sans gêne* and charming. Just do as I tell you. You'll be put at your ease and talking like old friends in no time. And who should be better able to talk or listen about clothes than you?"

* * *

By what combination of circumstances Angelina happens to be in this particular *galère* I won't by-path to disclose, save to say that it was a last-hour substitution. It doesn't matter in the least, anyway. Here she is, and here is "the sketcher" coming through the door whom Angelina recognizes by certain prearranged signals. And they are quickly in their seats and the curtain is going up on the play which, if you wish to know about, you, must go to see. We are concerned here only with clothes.

* * *

"Miss Rambeau, do you ever bring the crystal that you use on the stage in here and have a go at it by yourself?" Angelina was asking eagerly, two hours later in Miss Rambeau's dressing-room.

Everything had happened even better than she had been told. A radiant smile, a cordial and welcoming two-handed grasp from Miss Rambeau, and Angelina was at home in a minute and quite Miss Rambeau's slave for life. The dressing-room was chintz-hung, pink and white-flowered chintz, and Angelina was sunk in a chintz-covered chair. On the dressing-table at her elbow was a large box of bonbons—which she was being urged to dip into—and beside that an almost larger bunch of violets. Opposite sat the beautiful star still in her stage frock, a

lovely grey georgette embroidered with an all-over pattern of fine soutache braid in pale grey-blue. Seen close at hand, Miss Rambeau was just as lovely, Angelina found, as she was on the stage, with a dazzling fair skin and wonderful eyes set in her head with that delicious



Miss Marjorie Rambeau, the beautiful star of "The Eyes of Youth," in one of her latest frocks, a flame colored will o' the wisp over pale yellow pussy-willow with a girdle and sash drapery of ribbon, backgrounded in black, bordered with flame and blue and splashed with gold

breadth across the brow that is always the distinguishing mark of un-ordinary intelligence.

"Do you ever, Miss Rambeau?" Angelina repeated.

Miss Rambeau smiled and nodded. "Sometimes," she said, and anticipated Angelina's further question by giving an order to her maid, who returned in a minute carrying the large crystal disc whose future-revealing properties for "The Eyes of Youth" are now so celebrated. She placed it on the dressing-table and looked into it, just as she does in the play.

"What does it tell you about the spring clothes?" cried Angelina impatiently. "What does it say we shall wear?"

This is what the crystal foresaw, Miss Rambeau says. And a crystal, you know, never lies.

"First of all, it is to be a season de luxe for silks. Not only because we must eat cake to save bread, that is, conserve wool and cotton, but because never in the history of frocks were there lovelier silks to wear; new khaki-kools and Roshanara crêpes and indestructible voiles and will o' the wisps, slenderizing silks for dresses, lustrous satins with a body for suits, new shades, new figure combinations, new weaves; foulards, the latter to be especially popular in striking black and white effects.

* * *

"We are to be allowed, above and beyond the silks, enough cotton for the pretty plaided and checked ginghams that became so justly popular during the middle of the summer; and for printed cotton voiles. Printed voiles are already being made up by one Fifth Avenue house in sets of dress, parasol, and hat, and are the quaintest and most becoming things imaginable, savoring of a Victorian picturesqueness. This same house offers more of this Victorian effect in dimity and organdie dresses, with fullish skirts, tucked all around (see the sketch) or ruffled all around, short-waisted bodices crossed with surplice fichus, crisp sashes tied in back. To go with these will be hats large and curving, many covered with georgette, many having a mid-Victorian streamer or two trailing down the back."

* * *

("Nothing is lacking to the picture except the pantalettes," Angelina interrupted Miss Rambeau's revelations of the crystal. "Isn't it rather surprising, Miss Rambeau, don't you think, to have a Victorian tendency cropping out just now?" "No, I don't," answered Miss Rambeau. "I think it's a reaction from the Red Cross uniforms and the service clothes so many women are wearing. When we relax we shall want to do it in the most feminine of clothes.")

"Running side by side with this fluffy Victorian spurt are to be the gowns and suits made on the slenderest and straightest lines. Skirts, with only a slight puffing-out of drapery at the back or sides, skirts with narrow underskirts and over-panels swinging free, ("I'll show you in a minute," Miss Rambeau interrupted the crystal-gazing this time, "examples of both of those in my two latest frocks") surplice bodices with no other adornment save muslin collars and cuffs. A distinct feature of this season's gowns is the difference made in the lines of either side of the frock. For example, if the frock owns a belt and the right side of it jigs down the fastening will end upper left, or vice versa. The same with most of the drapery. Much, much ribbon is going to be used, narrow, picot-edged, or wide in the most brilliant and vivid colors one can find....."

* * *

"The crystal is fading," said Miss Rambeau. "It is trying to flash something that I can't get. I seem to see an English schoolboy. What would an English schoolboy have to do with.... Oh, to be sure, how stupid of me! That's what

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Gaze into the Globe of Fashion with Marjorie Rambeau

FIRST a mist, a confusion of hurrying forms, then a picture, clear and beautiful—that is the vision of the crystal-gazer. Out of the conflicting fancies of the hour there rise in the Globe of Fashion before Miss Rambeau three creations.

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Shooting buds, flowers nodding their welcome, blue, blue skies, all nature in her happiest mood—and this outdoor dress of Hero-colored Roshanara crêpe in the simple, youth-giving peasant style, harmonious even to the wooden beads—this is the picture the crystal reveals.

Frocks, hats, parasols, jewels, a medley of the stuffs that make prima donnas. These Marjorie Rambeau sees in the crystal, but one stands alone—pre-eminent—a frock of Khaki-Kool with bodice of printed Indestructible Voile.

As every woman delights in picturing herself—in a becoming evening gown, soft, clinging, flattering, inspirational, — thus Marjorie Rambeau sees herself in a filmy frock of flame-tinted, scintillating, iridescent Will-o'-the-Wisp veiling, golden-hued Pussy Willow.



it means.... Eton, and Eton jackets. Eton jackets are going to be revived for suits this Spring, the crystal says. I'm glad they're coming in again, aren't you? They always were charming and youthful looking. More conservation of wool materials, I suppose."

"But how funny! What a contradiction to that! Right after I see wool embroideries used in all sorts of ways. Ribbons embroidered in wool, laces even,—a fillet lace embroidered in a white wool that stands up with a thick and soft pile and makes the lace look as if snow had fallen on it. It's lovely! I wish you could see it. Along with the woolen things there's a flowered black and white chiffon dress, the bodice made up with black chiffon embroidered with the little white beads we all know. Curious! There's nothing particularly new in bead embroidery. I wonder.... Now the picture's growing larger and larger, swelling into a "close-up" like the "movies." So that's it. Those aren't beads at all, my dear. The pattern is worked out in a white wool stitch, something like French knots, to resemble beads. I don't understand, though, why we're asked to have on wool elsewhere and then it's offered, to us on lace and ribbon and such things. It must be a kind of wool they can't employ for cloth, or odds and ends that have to be used up, or per-

haps it's even a *camouflage*, a near-wool. Whatever the stuff is the idea is new and attractive, so let's give the originators credit for knowing what they're about and accept it with pleasure."

"The crystal has jumped suddenly to hats,—hats by themselves. What adorable ones I see; most of them covered, crown and brim, with georgette or indestructible crêpe or silk. There are several that are covered with satin, quilted, quaint and great-grandmotherly and delightful. Your Victorian period once more! And there's one—how unusual—all of colored patent leather. Too sweet! Lemon yellow patent leather is outside and underneath the brim is faced with pale blue patent leather and there's a wreath of little blue patent leather flowers around the crown. I wish I could stretch out my hand and seize it for you. Quite a new shape appears on the larger hats that makes them look as if they would be more becoming than any of that type we've ever had before. You might call it a hat with three dimensions to the brim. The sides are the same in depth, sloping to a slightly narrower front brim and then the back is narrowest of all, giving such a good line around the nape of the neck. Haven't you been irritated with that ugly obliterating line scooping down behind, we've been saddled in hats so

long? My congratulations and thanks to whoever decided it could and should be done away with."

There was a pause of several seconds. Then, "The crystal is fading again," said Miss Rambeau, "this time for good, I'm afraid. It's quite run down, or I am. I can see nothing more."

"Oh, poor Miss Rambeau," said Angelina. "How we must have tired you. If we may just see the new frocks you spoke of and sketch them we'll go directly. We are so grateful to you (and Angelina's gratitude, I am sure, is shared by many other women) and thank you so much!"

The frocks that were shown Angelina on the way out you may see in the photograph of Miss Rambeau and in the three sketches below. With their captions they speak for themselves, and need no further elucidation, though you might like to know a new trick that was used on the yellow under-petticoat of the flame-colored will o' the wisp frock. There are three puffings of fine white wash net inserted around the bottom of the petticoat, and each is set in with a hemstitching top and bottom done with a bright metallic gold thread. As the wearer moves these bright lines glint pleasingly through the flame-colored will o' the wisp, as if reflections from the gold splashes which are on the ribbon sash.



"A silk season de luxe" flashes the crystal and adds "with ribbon trimming." And Miss Rambeau, who had previously consulted it, had a frock already made up to show Angelina. Tan ruffanuff with indestructible voile cream sleeves stamped with blue and brown birds, a girdle and collar of gorgeously colored ribbon in blues and greens and reds



Miss Rambeau's crystal forecasts a mid-Victorian tendency as a feminine reaction from our uniforms and service clothes, and J. M. Gidding makes up a dress of that type in green dimity with the tucks hemstitched in and a big dimity sash tied in back. The hat is covered with scalloped midnight blue crêpe and has a green and blue ornament on the side



Another of Miss Rambeau's personal frocks in black Roshanara crêpe trimmed with narrow picot-edged black ribbon and black and white ribbon. It shows the new tendency of skirts to have free-swinging panels over a narrower underskirt and of lines to show an irregularity on one side of the bodice

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Ice skating rink atop the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York



Tea Room looking out on the Ice Gardens, Biltmore Hotel, New York

THE one and only Charlotte started it two years ago at the Hippodrome. And such was the impetus her art gave to indoor ice-skating we've been doing it ever since. In spite of the fact that "though the ice may be artificial," as Marie Cahill puts it, "the falls are real."

The Biltmore Hotel was the first to lead off with a special place where the devotees of skating might foregather, where tea and other beverages might be had for fortifying between rounds,—the now celebrated Ice Gardens, with their adjoining



Elsie and Paulsen in their thrilling Apache dance on skates at Thomas Healy's new Crystal Carnival Ice Rink

chintz-clad Tea Room. And the Waldorf followed suit this Winter, opening up for its patrons a skating rink on that roof, whose garden has for so long been a Summer habit.

Charlotte has gone from us, but other skaters have come to take her place, some, perhaps, even more thrilling than she.

Witness Elsie and Paulsen in their sensational Apache dance at Thomas Healy's and Bror Meyer and Miss Emmy Bergfeldt at the St. Nicholas Rink. Your education is incomplete until you have seen these four marvels of a skating age.



Ira L. Hill

(Left)

Elsie Janis is a devotee of skating. Whether it be at a rink in town or on her own lake at "Philipse Manor," near Tarrytown, she uses every available moment in this pleasurable form of exercise

(Right)

Bror Meyer, professional figure skating champion of the world, now giving exhibitions at the St. Nicholas Ice Rink, New York City. This picture shows Mr. Meyer executing a "Forward Outside Toe-spin"



FOR SKATING

*Things ingratiating to the eye
and yet of utmost practicality*



THE clever head of the Woman's Department of a big "Sports" house says she divides her feminine patrons into two classes: those who throw their whole soul into a sport for the sheer love of it, and don't care how they look, provided they get ef-



One of the new natural-color chamois leather vests, a supplementary bit of warmth for skating, but chic enough to appear anywhere. With it you may wear a woolly cap, which comes in many colors and at an alluring price.

iciency and practicality out of their garments, and those who take up a sport because they like to appear in an accompanying costume. These are the two extremes, of course. In between are the different degrees of mixture of the two, and the sports department has to be prepared to meet all comers, to have things for the eye and things that are practical as well.

They showed a very special preparedness when we visited them the other day with respect to skating clothes.

First of all for the real skating girl there was a cotton moleskin jacket—just such a one in appearance, might almost be a twin, that men friends wear—lamb's wool lined with a wombat-skin collar. There would be nothing warmer than this and its length, the bottom comes just below the hips, is cut to give freedom of movement. To wear with it is suggested such skating caps as the Dolly Sisters adorn in the cover, little woolen caps in all colorings and at an alluring price. Alluring also the price of the long white woolly gloves, those so shown on the outside cover and advocated by the same chic ladies.

For a skating skirt or suit nothing could surpass a certain imported material special to this house and known as "Engladine." It is a

Swiss fabric in wonderful shades, straight from the original haunts of skating and skiing. Absolutely snow and rain and wind proof, you can get it soaking wet, it is asserted, sit in it for hours and never know the difference. You can wash the stuff. And it wears like iron for years. Lastly it comes in white, and in lovely bright colors, such as reseda green, orange and pink.

Sleeveless leather vests are among the new ideas in garments for skating,—vests in brown dressed leather, or in natural-color chamois skin, and are tremendously smart. The heavier leather vests, buttoned up the front and patched with pockets, are worn over a sweater, a smart trick being to wind the sweater sash around the waist in lieu of a belt. With this combination no outside jacket is necessary.

A hat in matching leather, built on most becoming lines, cunningly stitched, and banded with a brown grosgrain ribbon, is shown to wear with the vest.

The chamois vests are either made up along the pattern of their heavier leather sisters or end at the waistline, as shown in the sketch, with a double-breasted panel, but are hardly heavy enough to go without an accompanying coat. They are more in the nature of a supplementary aid to warmth. And all the vests are so chic that I am trusting they will enlarge their original sports sphere and get incorporated in our everyday clothes.

We should be very glad to answer inquiries with regard to any of the articles mentioned in the Fashion Department of the

THEATRE MAGAZINE.



A brown leather skating vest and hat, and a pair of skating shoes whose side lacings give extra strength. The vest is worn over a khaki colored sweater with the sweater girdle outside and the combination is warm and smart enough to need no accompanying jacket.



Biltmore Ice Gardens

MORNING SESSION

9:30 to 12:30

AFTERNOON SESSION

2:30 to 6

MUSIC BY

Natzy's Incomparable Orchestra

Competent instructors in attendance. Exhibition and Fancy Skating by Alfred and Sigrid Naess. Refreshments and Dancing in the Glass-enclosed Tea Room, open daily except Sunday.

PERFECT ICE REGARDLESS OF WEATHER
CHILDREN SESSION SATURDAY MORNING

Admission - One Dollar

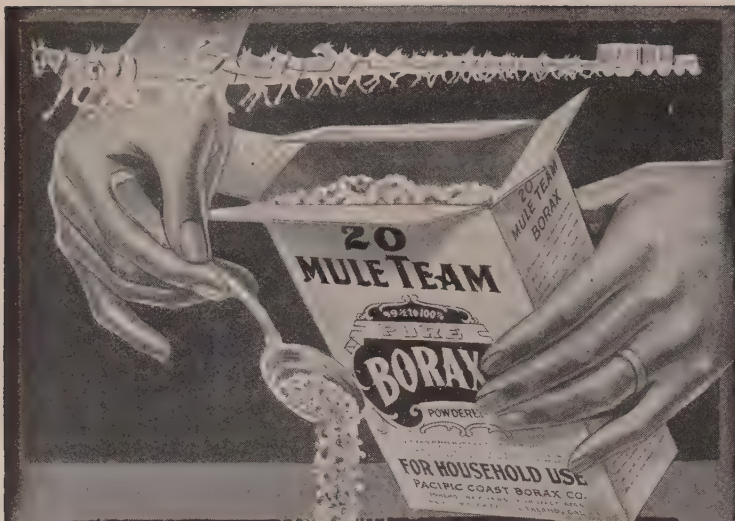
The ICE GARDENS and Glass-enclosed Tea Rooms may be engaged for Private Parties, Carnivals, etc., any evening except Sunday.

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For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

(Continued from page 106)

school, clubs, or what? Have you a young artist, composer, singer, who deserves recognition?

Make this department *yours really*. Ask questions; send your opinion on current musical matters; if there is information which might be aired in these columns, send it to me. Write me your favorite music and why; the names of your best-loved singers, pianists, violinists, and why your preferences are such. Tell me about your own musical experiences, as listeners or performers. What effect certain music had on you. Let us make "Music for Everyone" as its name implies. It is yours, and I am at your command.

HERE is what Merle Armitage, of Carlisle, Pa., writes: "I have a habit of telling people about it, when anything pleases me, and I like your musical page. It is to me the most human criticism I have chanced to see—I purchase *Vogue* to read Moderwell's page, and I shall await THEATRE MAGAZINE with interest, to read your page. I manage concerts in the West, principally and I want to tell you, America is alive musically." Harriet Ayer Seymour, the noted teacher says: "The Music for Everyone department is so good—I want all my friends to read it." Merle E. Hatch, of Bradford, Pa., says: "I am looking forward with great expectation to your future articles in the THEATRE MAGAZINE in regard to the various composers and celebrities." Madeline K. Giller, young pianist, says: "Just a note to tell you how fine your article in the THEATRE MAGAZINE is. I bought my first copy from a stand and enjoyed it immensely." Claude Warford, the composer, wrote: "I read your Music for Everyone at midnight—I couldn't put it down. And then the encouraging things you say about my music are sure to make me do better songs." Here is the comment of R. W. Gresser, of Bay City, Mich.: "Your decision to add a music de-

partment to THEATRE MAGAZINE is very very good indeed. Also your decision to make it non-technical appeals to me very strongly. It is my personal opinion that heretofore the music of the country has been handled in such a fashion 'to place it beyond ken' of the ordinary music lover. We all love music but we like to read about it in the same way we think about it. It has been too much the custom heretofore to handle such a department in a way it would appeal only to the musically educated. For this reason I consider your plan a step in the right direction. It is bound to make THEATRE MAGAZINE more popular than ever, especially since it now contains something which has been a long time desired by such as I have described."

MR. ISAACSON GOES TO THE CONCERT

GABRIELLE GILLS, the French soprano, made a distinct impression on America with her rich, resonant delivery and her unusual interpretations. She appeared in a Grecian gown, sang some old and new French and English songs, and never once gave the critics an opportunity to say, "Well, that wasn't quite as it might have been done!"

ORATORIO SOCIETY of New York, in the "*Messiah*" of Handel, made the glorious old oratorio sound as fresh as if it had just been born, and "*Unto us a Son is given*," was done lustily; "*I know my Redeemer liveth*" had the power of conviction behind it. "*Why do the nations rage?*" seemed to be asking its question of to-day. Admirably interpreted and sung by chorus and soloists.

AURELIO GIORNI, young pianist, playing with a fine estheticism and delicacy rare among men. A brilliant entrant on a crowded firmament of pianistic stars. A certain ascendancy is to be his.

VICTOR RECORDS

JASCHA HEIFETZ has taken the New York musical world by storm. His first four Victor Records have been received with the same enthusiastic welcome. In Schubert's "*Ave Maria*" he plays one of the loveliest of all melodies in the realm of music. In Wieniawski's Scherzo-Tarantelle he gives you exquisite music in headlong flight. In the glittering pyrotech-

ics of Drigo's "*Valse Bluettes*" his art dazzles the imagination. His wonderful interpretation of Beethoven's "*Chorus of Dervishes*" pictures the gyrating whirl of the dance, developing among weird shouts to the delirious frenzy of complete exhaustion. Such extraordinary tone pictures have seldom been presented for the delight of the musical public.—*Adv.*

COLUMBIA RECORDS

A NOTEWORTHY group of singers and instrumentalists offer their first records, in Columbia's February group.

Tamaki Miura, soprano of the Boston Opera Company, and the only Japanese prima donna, sings "*One Fine Day*," from "*Madama Butterfly*."

Gatty Stellars, foremost among descriptive organists, has made the first Columbia cathedral organ recordings. The touch and technique of a master are unmistakable in

both the Handel "*Largo*" and "*The Lost Chord*."

Father Wm. Joseph Finn's Paulist Choristers, of Chicago, sing Cherubini's "*Veni Jesu*" and Father Finn's "*Alleluia Haec Dies*."

The Garde Republicaine Band is supported by the French Government. It comprises eighty musicians, and the two marches they have played for Columbia, "*Le Tout Paris*" and "*Le Reve Passe*," are marvelous in their vigorous attack and brilliant execution.—*Adv.*

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

(The standard institution of dramatic education for thirty-three years)

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*Pagliacci-Act 1
Arrival of the Players*

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

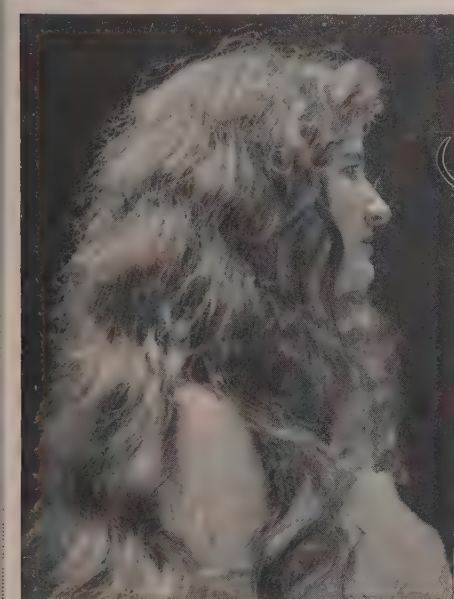
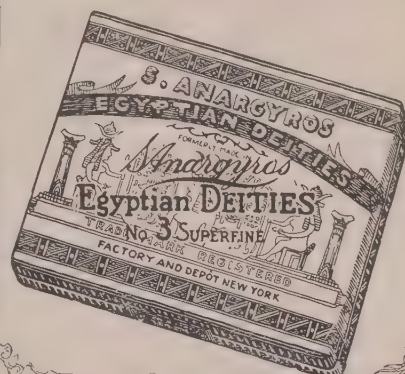
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Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
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*For
sheen
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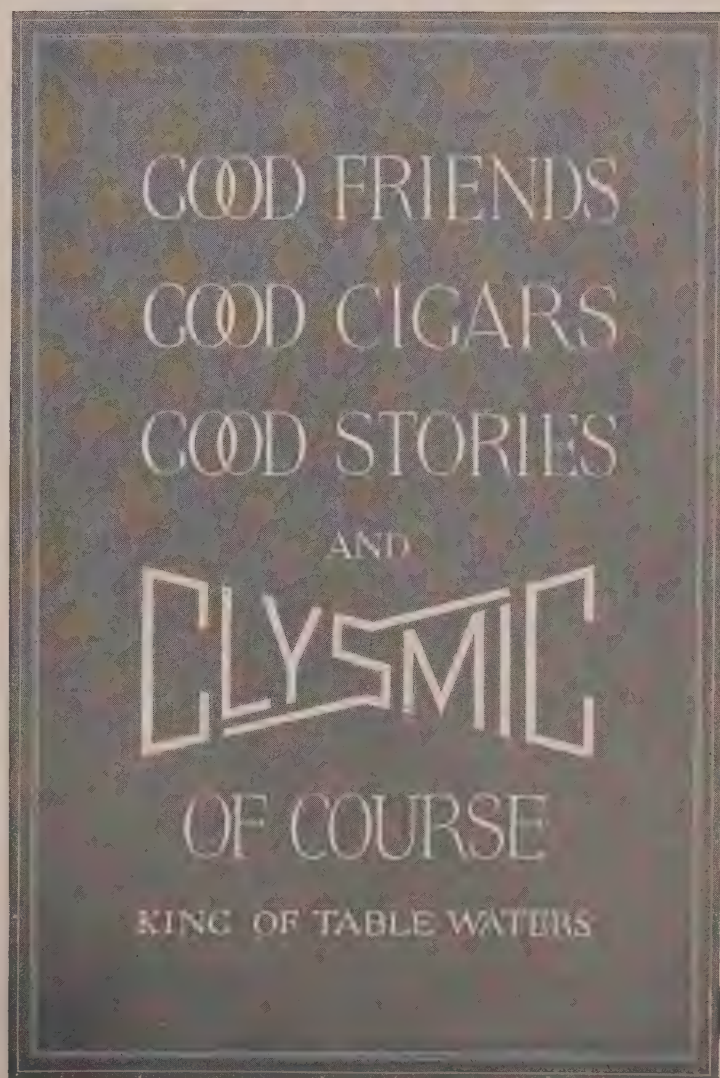
Shampooing regularly
with PACKER'S TAR SOAP
protects the health of
the scalp and brings out
the beauty of the hair.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Cake and Liquid

DON'T BE IMPATIENT

If your copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE fails to reach you promptly. Uncle Sam's postal clerks are many of them, new recruits, filling the places of those who have gone "over there," and the mails are not as prompt as usual.



LIFE'S FIRST PROBLEM—FOOD

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

Author of "Foods That Will Win the War."



[In this second of a series of valuable articles on the importance of food, C. Houston Goudiss deals with the vital need for giving more serious attention to a matter which many persons neglect. Upon the selection of food, he shows, depends not only physical but mental and moral development. It is the basic factor in efficiency, "the backbone of fate," as someone has called it. The author has devoted many years to a careful study of food values and a nation-wide investigation of food-sources, so he is admirably qualified to deal with a subject of such vital importance.]—EDITOR'S NOTE.

THIS greatest war has proved that Byron's praise of the dinner-bell as "the tocsin of the soul" is far more than a figment of poetic fancy. For above all else, it has revealed the kinship between food and freedom.

"It is not too much to say that diet—rightly understood—is the foundation of all national and individual welfare," says one eminent physician, "that the rise and fall of nations is determined by the circulation in the body and the brain."

We must fight with food to save democracy. And just as victory for this great ideal is dependent primarily on food so achievement in any line of work is largely a matter of the kind and variety of food we employ in stoking the stomach.

Eating is the first and biggest business in life. It is the only thing that everyone does three times a day and there can be no physical efficiency without proper attention to daily diet. Also, sane minds can flourish only in sane bodies, and these are the only possible parents of moral virtue. Yet for centuries diet has been handled in a haphazard way by the average person. Few have given it serious thought beyond the point of palate pleasing. And this in spite of the fact that it is as important in times of peace as when war rocks the world.

We are what we eat. Only a fool would plant corn to grow potatoes. Yet we sow our stomach with food seeds of indigestion and wonder why we cannot harvest comfort and efficiency.

Human experience, corroborated by science, reveals the astonishing fact that diet determines deeds. Astonishing at first only, for food provides heat, heat energy, and energy labor! The great fact yet to be appreciated by a majority of persons is this—that our outflow of accomplishment is in direct ratio to our intake of nutriment.

And not so much the quantity as the kind. Pork never made a poet any more than angel's food could maintain a section hand. And diet has often served to twist the tail of destiny.

No other life factor means so much to the upbuilding and maintenance of man-power and woman-power. Underfed, overfed, or wrongly fed workers become drones through disease. In spite of this,—and every day multiplies evidence of its truth—we often leave this matter of first importance for last consideration.

"I eat what I like, and give it no thought" is the boast of youth.

"What on earth can I eat?" is the universal quest of later years.

Between these extremes is a safe and sane mean—some such consideration of the sources of sustenance as folk commonly give to the buying of books or the building of houses. This middle course which is so productive of happiness and success is reached by substituting knowledge and care for ignorance and indiscretion.

Yet it still is a fact, attested by thousands of doctors, that the commonest cause of death

is the dinner table. The reason is that most of us eat more of certain energy-producing foods than can be used by the body, which, therefore, must waste the strength it has gained in trying to get rid of this excess. This lies at the root of so much disease that if people generally would give sane eating a trial, there would be no doubt about our future food course.

Still, we neglect this most important human consideration. Nobody has ever heard protein preached from the pulpit or carbohydrates discussed at political conventions. Yet suddenly these terms loom before us like leaders of destiny.

"What is protein, anyhow?" asks the average individual.

Protein is one of the three basic food elements without which the physical frame would wither like a morning-glory under a Sahara sun. The other members of this vital trinity, which underlies all work, are fats and carbohydrates.

For protein, apply to meat, cereal grains and milk. For fats, seek cream, butter, oils and bacon. For carbohydrates, send for sugar in any of its several forms.

And all the time remember that muscle-strength, intellectual keenness, sound judgment, thought-power, and every attribute of a loving and sympathetic nature, depend for proper expression upon normal nerve equipment, which in turn depends on a right combination of these three elements.

Of course, there are persons whose thoughts are so ingrown in the direction of food, that they lose perspective and become fanatics. But the average individual gives too little attention to the subject,—and pays for this lack with sleepless nights, lagging spirit, stupefying pain and the hundred other costs of deranged digestion.

A little care, constantly exercised, would release us from a large share of our present disease bondage and lay for us a broad, strong foundation for personal fitness, and, therefore, national efficiency.

Carbohydrates kill more comfort than can be computed. Our misuse of sweets comes from a natural craving for this most easily utilized form of food-fuel. Sedentary living has lessened the need for such energy-producing material, yet we consume more than ever before.

Many a person, already well fed, will eat a half pound of candy at one sitting without a thought that this quantity of concentrated food contains enough force and heat to provide a day's strength and body-warmth for an active worker. Then, too, because of an utterly false notion regarding acids, we commonly use sugar with those fruits which, because they taste sour, strike us as demanding sweetening in order to neutralize the acid. This in spite of the fact that the juice of the lemon, orange or grapefruit becomes alkaline in the stomach, if not accompanied by sugar, which when taken in excess, is usually the cause of acid stomach.

Our second crime is abuse of protein foods. We do this chiefly through eating too much meat. And there is some excuse for us here, because youth, with its growing demands, needs meat. It is hard for us, after our bodies are matured, to realize that the growing needs no longer exist and that meat must be consumed in much smaller quantities in order to avoid

protein poisoning, due to an excess of this food and which has a very injurious effect upon the arteries, heart and kidneys.

There is also no doubt that overeating is commoner now than at any other stage of human history, since there are not only more people who have the means to do it, but more things to tempt the appetite. The digestive organs are injured by over-nutrition—an excess of food of any kind distends the walls of the stomach, finally weakening it beyond recovery, and fills the intestines with a mass of undigested food which decomposes there. Thus the intestines are filled with poisons which are carried to all parts of the body, producing as their immediate results, the headache and heaviness from which overeaters suffer, and, in the end, incurable disease. Fortunately however, wealth brings not only opportunities for physical indulgence, but for mental culture, and, as the mind develops, eating, like dressing, and other necessary businesses of life, tends to become a fine art.

People who have reached this stage of development, understand that the real pleasures of the table are reserved for those who eat only what the body requires, and who, even if this were not the case, would not want to sacrifice their capacity for mental pleasures to mere physical satisfaction. There is now a growing feeling, therefore, that simple and properly balanced meals are not only in much better taste than the groaning board, but much more enjoyable. For the groaning board means the groaning stomach and the groaning stomach means grouchingness, gloom and general inability to do anything well.

So eat less.

Minimize meat not so much for the sake of democracy's fate in this war as for the sake of your own fate. Get friendly with fruit, salads, and fresh vegetables. Drink plenty of water, never iced, but agreeably cool. Drink it with your meals, but not to wash down food. And between meals.

"Poor food, poor work, low wages," completes Rowntree's vicious circle of poverty. Wrong food and wrong amounts of food breed failure in any pursuit or undertaking.

They do this by incapacitating one physically. There can be no clear thinking without good digestion, and the first thought needed is thought in this direction.

We have many large institutions, some heavily endowed, whose sole purpose is consideration of what goes into the mind. The very rock upon which our form of government rests, is a public school system, devised and maintained for such a purpose.

Since the mental state and all of its possibilities are dependent first upon what goes into the mouth, why would it not be a common-sense move to establish institutions where food would be studied in exactly the same way that mathematics, history and geography now are studied?

Carrying out this same thought, why is it not equally necessary for each individual to consider the great subject of food even before much time or thought is given to romance and poetry?

All of our ability to appreciate or express the finer things in life is based upon our physical fitness. So it seems to me an imperative duty that we should think more, talk more, and be taught more about what and when and how to eat.

In the next article of this series called, "How the Actor Keeps Fit," the writer will tell how William Faversham keeps physically fit. Mr. Faversham is deeply interested in diet and is firm in his belief that an actor's work is greatly influenced by the food he eats.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



E D I T H D A Y

Who plays the second feminine rôle in support of Lillian Walker in "The Grain of Dust," by David Graham Phillips, released by Crest Pictures Corporation. Miss Day is also a decided hit in "Going Up" at the Liberty Theatre

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



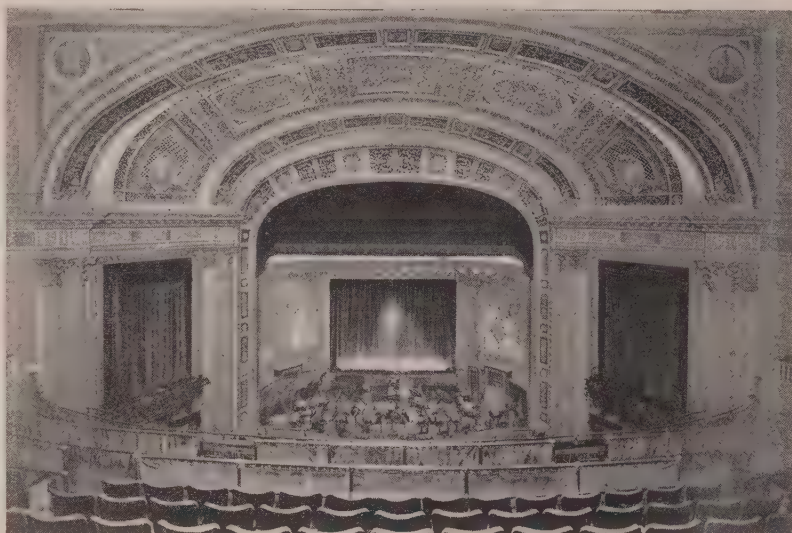
THE REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SAMUEL L. ROTHAPFEL

THE RIVOLI THEATRE

ON Friday evening, December 28th, the Rivoli Theatre was formally opened to an invited audience. The exterior of the building is magnificent, imposing, and the best New York has to offer the motion picture fan.

As to the interior, the colors are dull gold, ivory and black. The carpets are gray, the seats upholstered in tapestry.

The illumination consists of ingeniously concealed lights which flood the auditorium with any color or combination of colors desired. A new system of entrances and exits are a feature.



Proscenium of the Rivoli Theatre

Perfume will be introduced by means of a newly devised compressor plant which operates in connection with an intricate system of atomizers.

For the opening of the theatre the stage setting is known as "The Conservatory of Jewels," for which the Lee Lash Studios are responsible.

The music consists of approximately fifty musicians under the direction of Hugo Reisenfeld.

The grand pipe organ is the largest ever installed in any theatre in the world.

The lobby will hold three hundred people comfortably.

The mezzanine floor consists of lounging, smoking and retiring rooms.

The theatre itself seats approximately 2,500 people, and a fully equipped emergency hospital is a feature of the mezzanine floor.

If you have read the foregoing, you will undoubtedly desire to verify for yourself all that I have said, which is exactly what I hope you will do.

THE RIVOLI must be seen to be appreciated, and its creator, Samuel L. Rothapfel, deserves unstinted praise.

Douglas Fairbanks in "A Modern Musketeer" was the feature provided for the opening of this magnificent theatre. It may be mentioned in passing that a Fairbanks picture also opened the Rialto.

"A Modern Musketeer" was written and directed by Alan Dwan, and is a corking good story, efficiently directed and capably cast. Fairbanks is a Modern D'Artagnan in this picture, and his feats far out rival those of Alexander Dumas' hero. Acrobatically and scenically this picture leaves nothing to be desired from a Fairbanks standard. Only once previously has Douglas Fairbanks proven such good entertainment, and that was in "Manhattan Madness."

THE ENTERTAINMENT PROVIDED

"The Victory of Democracy," an original conception by S. L. Rothapfel, with musical setting by Hugo Reisenfeld, lyrics by Brian Hooker and Charles Keeler, and the following cast: Jack Valentine, Mary Lawton, Forrest Robinson, Albert Peters. In eight episodes as follows: The Minute Men, Bunker Hill, The First Stars and Stripes in Battle, The Star-Spangled Banner, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Lincoln at Gettysburg, Pershing in France.

A scenic picture entitled "A World O' Dreams."

A Reminiscence, presenting Eugene Cowles.

Rivoli Animated Pictorial with all the topical news events from the Hearst, Pathé, Mutual and Universal News Weeklies.

Air Varie, presenting Alberto Bachman, the French violin virtuoso.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in their latest comedy, "Her First Love."

Petit Ballet, by the pupils of the Helen Moller School. Douglas Fairbanks in "A Modern Musketeer," story and direction by Alan Dwan.



Sleep and Death watched over by Mother Night



Watching the approach of the Fairy



In the distance they saw the graves of the dead



Fairy Berylune takes the children to her palace



The hours of the clock came forth and danced for them



In Memoryland their grandparents, long since dead, came to life

SCENES FROM PARAMOUNT'S FILM VERSION OF MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S "BLUE BIRD"



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

In all her magnificent loveliness, whose production of "The House of Glass" in moving pictures by her own organization, promises to be one of the most important photoplays of the season

THE MOVIE PRESS AGENT WRITES A SCENARIO



Dear Bill:—
I know what you're going to say: you haven't heard from me since they added green stamps to letters, and now, out of a murky February day, I drop in on you with a fat fist. I can see you hastily scanning these pages for the touch that is put fear in your heart. Rather than see any living creature suffer, let me end your suspense right here; the touch is on page four, second paragraph. Send money order or stamps; they don't know me at the bank.

ered purpose of dramatic art than a congressman has of the war. They thought "dramatic action" meant a railroad train running off the track; they got "suspense" by the length of fuse they attached to an explosive bomb; they confused the "punch" of drama with the punch of the hero's fist against the villain's vulnerable vitals; they never heard tell of a "denouement"; they put in "climax" by setting the house on fire or poisoning the vampire; they made "the long arm of coincidence" out of soft rubber elastic;

Woman," "Rose of the Rancho," "Seven Sisters," "Rolling Stones," "Diplomacy," "The Sign of the Cross," "Under Cover," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Carmen," "Zaza," "Sapho," "The Squaw Man," "The Warrens of Virginia," "Kindling," "The Conspiracy," "When We Were Twenty-one," "Such a Little Queen," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," "Madame Butterfly" and "The Ghost Breaker," to mention only a few of the more recent ones. All of these were successes on the stage and greater successes on the screen be-

the temperate zone, including the Scandinavian, 225 of them write a scenario before they reach the age of innocuous desuetude.

No use warning you against it. You'll do it willy nilly and I'll bet eight to five the result will be nilly. That's been my experience. Which leads gracefully to the reminder that this is page 4, second paragraph, in accordance with my promise on page one, paragraph one.

I had a fine idea for a picture play. It had to do with reincarnation and the eternalness of love throughout



Billie Burke discussing an important scene of "Eve's Daughter" with James Kirkwood



A famous star and a famous patriot—
Elsie Ferguson and George M. Cohan

But that wasn't what I started to say. I wanted to tell you why I haven't written. It's because I've been mingling with the highbrows, with the aesthetes of the film world, with the connoisseurs and the virtuosi; the dilettante and the artist-elegantiarum; the stagirites of the movies—all of which words I've learned from my new association with the erudite savants of the celluloid—in a word, I've been prowling around with the scenarioists. Anticlimax, you say? Hear me out. Do you doubt the fact that the scenarioists are highbrows? That's because you're still back in the jitney movie age and the march of progress has gone beyond you to an admission price of sixty cents plus war tax.

they cut "plausibility" out of the movie dictionary; but—they sold their stories, just the same.

They sold them for \$25 a throw, catch-as-catch-can, one or two reels, no extra pay for wild animal stunts, until the high cost of brain-fag raised the price a bit. Then it was that quite a few well-known writers used to dig down in their trunks and revamp a lot of twaddle they had perpetrated when they were trying to sell stories to anybody that could sign a check. Lots of these writers used to dash off film stories on their way from Brooklyn Bridge to Times Square, and the general result was about as near dramatic literature as Mr. Shonts' advice to the subway public.

But the film producers took the

cause they had what the old time scenarioists had never tried to obtain—a real dramatic Idea.

And then the highbrows came into the game. They came to Paramount in answer to a call that sounded like the jingling of real money and believe me, they have earned their way.

Do you still doubt the literary attainments of the picture show writers? Then how about this list, all of whom have contributed Paramount and Artcraft photoplays since last fall: Sir Gilbert Parker, David Graham Phillips, Gelett Burgess, Carolyn Wells, Wallace Irwin, Mark Twain, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Victorien Sardou, Agnes and Edgerton Castle, Mary Roberts Rinehart, George M.

the ages. Same characters appeared in the different ages, from the times of the Vikings to the present war. A great little part for Pauline Frederick or Elsie Ferguson with Wallace Reid in the rôle of hero; working in all the Paramount and Artcraft stars from Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke to Lina Cavalieri, Vivian Martin, George Beban, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Hayakawa and Bill Hart and back again, vice versa, ad lib.

It takes some wit to write a photoplay for a bunch of stars like that, for before you ever get the time, the play and the girls altogether into an all-star cast, you won't even have a bowing acquaintance with the income tax.



Not even Director Robert G. Vignola can keep Pauline Frederick from doing her knitting bit



Children don't have to read scenario scripts when a director like J. Searle Dawley is on hand to explain things

There was a time when the scenario writer didn't have to have anything but ambition in his bean, and very little of that. In the days before Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky and their Famous Players came along and lifted the jitney show out of its rut into the field of a truer and higher artistry, (you see, Bill, what the scenarioists have done for me)—in those early days, the scenarioist was a sea-going hack writer, who had no more idea of the fine-flow-

stories and paid for them—moderately and ungrudgingly—until Mr. Zukor came along and established the feature picture. Now, naturally, when you spin a yarn of five-reel length, you've got to have a story. There were none on hand that amounted to anything when Famous Players was founded, so the new producing firm delved into the successes of the stage for material. The result was such pictures as "The Girl of the Golden West," "The

Cohan, Frances Hodgson Burnett, George Broadhurst, Alice Hegan Rice, William C. De Mille, Kate Douglas Wiggin, William J. Locke, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rupert Hughes, Harry Leon Wilson and Hans Christian Andersen?

And those are the people I've been trying to write my name alongside of by evolving a scenario. Don't laugh. You'll be writing one yourself sooner or later. Statistics show that out of every 226 inhabitants of

Did you ever watch a star and a director discussing a scenario? Most always they are smiling. Because they have obtained such a good play, you think?

Poor scenario fish, how wrong you are! They smile as who would say with the classic poets, "This guy thinks he can write a picture play. He certainly hands me a laugh!"

Yours for the higher cult,

FRED.



Marguerite Clark
appears exclusively in

Paramount
Pictures

ADJECTIVES are weak things to describe the sheer charm and magnetic attraction of this daintily vivacious Paramount star.

The embodiment of winsome personality—a cheer courier from Happyland—Marguerite Clark brings to her screen interpretations a dramatic genius that hides her wonderful artistry under the veil of naturalness. Whatever the part, she is the ideal of that character, as you know if you have seen her in “Wildflower,” “The Goose Girl,” “Still Waters,” “Molly Make-Believe,” “Miss George Washington,” “The Amazons,” “Bab’s Diary,” or “The Seven Swans.”

There will be eight new
Marguerite Clark
Paramount Pictures
for you to enjoy this year



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



TRADE MARK



UNWINDING THE REEL



John Emerson and Anita Loos will in all probability direct the Fred Stone pictures for Paramount. In the meantime they have been engaged by Jesse Lasky to provide a series of features, the direction of which will be left entirely in their hands.

* * *

Rev. Thomas Dixon and Robert Chambers have formed the Mastercraft Film Company and will make pictures on the coast.

* * *

Carle E. Carlton, President of Crest Pictures, announces that “The Grain of Dust,” starring Lillian Walker and with Edith May, the hit of “Going Up,” at the Liberty Theatre, in the second feminine rôle, will shortly be shown at a prominent New York Theatre not as yet decided upon. Director Harry Revier is responsible for Miss Day’s appearance in “The Grain of Dust.”

* * *

William Russell, whose contract has expired with Mutual, arrived in New York during the holidays, and expects to announce, in the near future, the selection of a director for the production of his own features.

* * *

William L. Sherrill, President of Frohman Amusement Company, is in Jacksonville, Fla., producing a special feature entitled “The Birth of a Race.”

* * *

William Fox announces that “Jack Spurlock—Prodigal,” written by George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is completed. George Walsh is the star of the picture which was directed by Carl Harbaugh.

* * *

Taylor Holmes’ next picture has begun and is entitled “A Pair of Sixes,” by Edward Peple.

* * *

Lawrence D’Orsay has returned to New York, having completed his work in George K. Spoor’s picture, “Ruggles of Red Gap.”

* * *

Norman Selby, better known as “Kid McCoy,” has been engaged by Clara Kimball Young for a part in “The House of Glass” which Miss Young and her own company are producing at the New Rochelle studio.

* * *

Edna Goodrich has completed her sixth production for the Empire All-Star Corporation under the working title of “Art and the Girl.”

* * *

Frank Keenan and Bessie Love have completed their first Pathé Plays. Mr. Keenan’s first picture is entitled “Loaded Dice,” and Miss Love’s first picture is entitled “The Spring of the Year.”

* * *

Enid Bennett’s next picture will be entitled “The Keys of the Righteous.”

Ethel Clayton’s next World Picture is entitled “Whims of Society.”

* * *

“The House of Hate” is the next serial released by Pathé. The cast will include Pearl White and Antonio Moreno. The story was written by Arthur B. Reeve and Chas. A. Logue.

* * *

“Agricultural Opportunities in Western Canada,” the current Esanay scenic and released by the General Film, is claimed to be one of the most entertaining scenics of the series.

* * *

Chief William J. Flynn, United States Secret Service, who wrote “The Eagle’s Eye,” now under production by the Whartons at their studio in Ithaca, states that his object is to inspire patriotism and foster loyalty to the United States Government.

* * *

Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation have engaged James Kirkwood to direct Catherine Calvert in special productions.

* * *

William S. Hart will be seen in “Blue Blazes Rawden,” an Artcraft picture, ideally suited, it is said, to the dramatic talents of the Thomas H. Ince star. Work on this photoplay, which will follow “Wolves of the Rail,” the next Hart picture, has already started in California.

* * *

Only those who are acquainted with the methods employed by Cecil B. De Mille, Director General of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, in his direction of a film production, realize the extent to which he will go to secure absolute realism and make a picture convincing. Furthermore, by means of the most carefully conceived lighting methods he achieves those Rembrandt-like effects that have been remarked in his numerous exceptional productions—such as “Joan the Woman” and “The Woman God Forgot,” both starring Geraldine Farrar.

* * *

“The Whispering Chorus” is a purely modern story, wherein it differs from the other recent De Mille pictures, but it possesses those same compelling characteristics, the same force and power and appeal in a human way, that were found in the others. Perhaps self-sacrifice may be called the dominant theme of the story—at least it is the culminating effect—but the gamut of emotions is run in its course and the interest is unflagging from beginning to end, according to all reports.

In the cast of “The Whispering Chorus” will be found many favorites including Kathlyn Williams, Raymond Hatton, Elliott Dexter and others of prominence. The photographic work is by Alan Wyckoff.



On the left—Maud Rae. In the center—Beulah Sunshine. On the right—Louise Fazenda, and right below, the whole kit and crew, who all appear in a Paramount-Mack Sennett stew.



Julian

Eltinge



wishes to announce the successful consummation of his contract with the Lasky-Paramount Corporation—and will shortly announce his future plans in this publication.



UNWINDING THE REEL



Herbert Brenon established a record for the year of 1917, but his plans for 1918 will, it is expected, eclipse even these accomplishments.

First he secured complete control of the corporation bearing his name, acquiring all other interests. Next, he purchased the splendidly equipped studios and laboratories at Hudson Heights, N. J., which he had been occupying since their construction. He also established his own distribution organization.

This perfected his "director to exhibitor" plan. It gave him absolute control of a production, from the selection of the script and player to the moment the finished product reached the exhibitor. It permits him to make a production and send it to the public exactly as he believes it should go.

Immediately following his declaration of independence, Mr. Brenon announced his plans for the coming screen year. At the moment of his announcement, he was completing Rupert Hughes' melodrama of New York life, "Empty Pockets." Mr. Brenon stated that he would first do Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in his beloved rôle of the Stranger; also Hall Caine's famous and much discussed novel, "The Woman Thou

Gavest Me," and Edward Knoblauch's fanciful romance of old Bagdad, "Kismet." In the latter, Otis Skinner will make his first appearance on the screen.

Another forthcoming production will be "The False Faces," Louis Joseph Vance's continuation of the adventures of "The Lone Wolf," which has been running in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Bert Lytell, who scored in "The Lone Wolf," will reappear in the rôle which made him so popular. All these plans are being faithfully carried out.

The distribution of "Empty Pockets" is being handled by the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. This is a fast moving and appealing human melodrama which Mr. Brenon believes will eclipse his "The Lone Wolf." The production has a notable cast, including Bert Lytell, Malcolm Williams, Barbara Castleton, Mlle. Kitty Galanta, Peggy Betts and Susan Willa.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is practically completed. Sir Johnston is supported by a striking cast, which numbers George Le Guere, Molly Pearson, Mlle. Galanta, Alfred Hickman, Ricca Allen, Ben Graham, Sydney Golden and others. This production will be presented to the public very shortly.

A vital point in Mr. Brenon's plans is the fact that he will personally direct every production, making four or five photoplays in the course of a year. This alone should make Brenon Productions distinctive, since it has become a custom for the big directors to give their name to photoplays filmed in their studios, but of which they have only general or possibly remote supervision.

The Brenon plant is one of the most thoroughly equipped studios in the East. There are two large and model studio buildings, laboratories, administration building and garage. Both the studios and laboratories have every modern and up-to-date appliance.

* * *

"The Blue Bird" (see page 119 for illustrations) is an allegorical fantasy, and Maeterlinck adopted a unique method of establishing a close understanding of the things coming into the lives of the ordinary human being. The central figures are two small children, representing the average person, who are discontented with their lot as they witness the seeming happiness and luxury enjoyed by wealthy neighbors. A fairy appears in their present home and takes them on a journey in quest of the Blue Bird of Happi-

ness, and the veil of life is drawn aside and a magic world appears before their eyes.

The water in the faucet turns into a symbolical being; the fire on the hearth becomes a symbolical, human figure, as does Sugar, Bread, Milk, etc. Even the hours in the clock are dissolved into twelve beautiful dancing girls, representing the fleeting time.

The journey of the children takes in scene after scene, symbolical and allegorical. The Palace of Night is a great hall of metallic and sepulchral magnificence, of black marble, gold and ebony, in the care of Mother Night, where dwell the Sicknesses, the terrible Wars and the Terrors of Humanity, as well as the Stars, the Dew, etc. In the cemetery the dead come to life and tombstones are replaced by flowery bowers. This scene is obliterated by the Fog of Forgetfulness, and the children find themselves in the Hall of Luxuries, where grotesque Luxuries gorge themselves at a banquet.

The radiance of light causes the gluttons to flee in dismay and take refuge in the Cavern of Miseries.

In the Azure Palace are the things ethereal. Here are found the multitudes of Unborn Children, impatiently awaiting their advent up-

(Concluded on page 126)

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG DISCUSSES REELISM VERSUS REALISM



RIGHT at the beginning let me say that I have been a motion picture actress for many years and that my interests and affections are bound up with the motion picture industry. You must realize, therefore, that in criticizing any phase of that industry I am motivated not by any feeling of false superiority, but because I hold the interests of the industry so closely to my heart. In a way I feel like the father who exclaims, "This hurts me more than it does you, Son," while he wholeheartedly applies the back of a brush to the Son's dorsal extremity.

The motion picture was originally "cheap" amusement for "cheap" people—and it was done in a "cheap" way. Blood and thunder melodramas and impossibly pathetic stories were the order of the day, and the audiences, so long as they were amused, made no demands in the matter of logic, photography or continuity. But the motion picture is no longer "cheap" amusement. Motion Picture theatres have sprung up like mushrooms in nearly all of the better residential districts and photoplays are now shown to well-educated, thinking people at twenty-five-cent, fifty-cent, one dollar and sometimes even two dollar admission fees.

When one considers that despite this change the motion picture industry has just reached its twenty-first birthday and that in those twenty-one years it has become the fifth largest industry in the United States, one realizes with what leaps and bounds it must have grown. In the motion picture world two years is a long time, during which all sorts of changes and improvements amounting in effect almost to revolutions, take place. Stars are made over night. Others who have held the center of the screen for years disappear in a day. Everything is constantly shifting and changing.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that several flaws in the mechanics of motion picture projection must still be overcome. In fact I lose all patience with persons of my acquaintance who dislike the cinema drama—and there are many of them—for that reason.

"Movies aren't worth spending money on," a man said to me once. "The camera still flickers, the lighting effects are poor, and I never saw color photography that was perfect yet."

"Give us a chance," I answered. "Look at the wonders we have already accomplished. We are only twenty-one years old—still in the stage of experimentation. Wait just a little while longer and see what we'll do."

But there is another side to it. One very intelligent woman whom I know said to me, "I have seen such

impossible, illogical things done in motion pictures that I am almost disgusted with the whole lot of them."

Now I spend a great deal of my spare time in motion picture theatres, for I think that we learn not only by doing things ourselves, but by watching what the other fellow is doing. And I find that I am inclined to agree with that woman. I cannot help feeling that there is no excuse for those flaws in photoplays that are traceable directly to lack of intelligent direction and production.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Most of you have seen photoplays in which a letter played some part—important or otherwise, in proportion as it influenced the plot. The

I once saw a motion picture in which a girl wrote to her lover that she could never see him again. The lover, upon receiving this note registered the emotions fitting to the occasion, crumbled the letter into a tight ball, and thrust it into his pocket. Later this note was found by someone or other, I forget whom, being simultaneously shown to the audience. Through some miraculous means the paper was absolutely free of crease or wrinkle, as smooth and white as when it had first been written upon!

Now what probably happened in the majority of these cases was this. Many times the scenes of a photoplay are not filmed one after the other in the order in which they



Clara Kimball Young and Corliss Giles in a scene from "The Marionettes," Miss Young's current release

girl writes a letter to her lover, a son at college writes home for money, or some such thing as that. Many of the most startling bits of illogic I have seen centered about these letters. In any number of photoplays I—and you too—have seen a character sit down, hastily scrawl what is evidently only a line or two, judging from the length of time it consumes and the fact that the writer neither turns the paper nor takes a second sheet. Later, when for some reason or other what is supposedly this same letter is flashed on the screen, it covers two or three sides of closely written paper.

Not long ago I saw a picture in which one of the players wrote a note, folded it once across, slipped it into an envelope, and sent it to another of the players. After a lapse of time during which a few scenes were shown, the latter received this letter, which was immediately flashed on the screen. There, unmistakably across the sheet of paper were two creases—one across and the other lengthwise!

appear in the completed picture. Often all of the scenes whose action transpires in one "set" are filmed at the same time, others in another "set" the day or perhaps the week following. Then they are all cut and assembled. Therefore, even though those scenes in which the letters were supposedly written had already been taken, there was no demand for any actual writing until the camera was ready to make a close-up of that. The notes were probably prepared beforehand as "props" for the plays and photographed without first checking up on what had been done by the player with the original piece of paper. Once or twice I have seen several notes flashed on the screen during the action of one picture, each note supposedly written by a different character, yet the writing of one identical with that of the others. This, however, is not so common as formerly.

Mistakes of the kind I have mentioned may be oversights but sometimes things occur which are absolutely without reason and the bounds of possibility. I saw one of these quite

recently. A man and a girl each spending the summer with their relatives in a tiny mountain town eloped in a small car to the home of a clergyman, hidden away in the woods, where they were married. They then jumped into the car and started off in the direction of the girl's home. The scene flashed back to this latter place, and one saw a telegram received there, "We are married and on our way home," great excitement on the part of the girl's parents, and in the midst of it in came the runaways for the blessing. A sweet and touching little plot—until one considers first, that their route homeward led them only through woods and that they could conceivably have passed no place from which a telegram could have been sent—and second that the entire trip could have consumed no more than half an hour, during which space of time the telegram would surely not yet have been delivered even if it could have been sent.

Just the other evening I saw in a photoplay evidence of still another kind of thoughtlessness. In this picture a young man was calling on a girl. The latter took her caller into another room to show him a painting. The scene shifted to show them looking at the painting and walk toward the door to return to the room from which they had just come. It then flashed back to this room and one saw some of the other characters in the story talking, and then the man and the girl entering. In the length of time it had taken the former presumably to walk from one room to the other he had acquired an entirely different kind of collar, lower than the one in which he had left the room!

One of the most laughable incongruities I have ever seen was in a feature-photoplay. The cast was excellent, the settings fine, the direction good, until the final reel. The hero, convicted of a crime he did not commit, was about to be electrocuted. He was shown seated in the electric chair, the top of his hair already shaved for the electric cup. Then the woman who loved him secured a last-minute reprieve and the man was liberated. The final scene showed him and the woman clasped in each other's arms at no given time later but surely not more than a day or two, the man's hair entirely grown with not even a trace of the place to show that it had ever been shaved!

In fairness to the motion picture industry as an Art—and that is what it has become—such things as these should be avoided. That is one of the reasons why I was so anxious to have my own producing company—not that I am infallible, by any means, but because I feel that one is apt to be most careful with what is really one's own.



CARLE E. CARLTON
PRESENTS

LILLIAN WALKER

By ARRANGEMENT WITH LESTER PARK

SUPPORTED BY

EDITH DAY, RAMSEY WALLACE, CORENNE UZZELL, RALPH DELMORE

IN
THE GRAIN OF DUST

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS GREATEST STORY

DIRECTED BY HARRY REVIER



Lillian Walker, of winsome, unpretentious charm has won world-wide popularity through the force of her bewitching personality.

"THE GRAIN OF DUST," by David Graham Phillips, is a picturization of the greatest story that the most gifted analyst of human emotion has contributed to American literature.

In its direction Harry Revier even surpassed his achievement in "The Lust of the Ages."

Millions have read and re-read the story; as a play it scored an instant success; picturized, it will triple its fiction audiences.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to play it.

CREST PICTURES
TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

UNWINDING THE REEL

(Continued from page 124)

on the earth. The Cathedral of Happiness houses the various joys, and the children find their own mother symbolizing the Peerless Joy of Maternal Love.

From time to time the children catch glimpses of the elusive Blue Birds, but when captured they either quickly die or change their color. The real Blue Bird is discovered in their own home, and is found through the happiness resulting from making others happy.

Maurice Tourneur, a producer of international reputation, staged the production, which is said to establish a new record for the largest number of real actors appearing in one subject, as well as for the most colossal settings erected inside a studio.

The cast is too lengthy to enumerate, but beauty has been the keynote of the production, and beautiful girls typify many of the characters, attired in wondrous costumes. Eleanor Masters, formerly a model for James Montgomery Flagg, is Milk and Gertrude McCoy, a well-known picture star, is Light. The Fairy Berylune is played by Lillian Cook and Night by Lyn Donelson. Rose Rolanda, the noted dancer, personifies Fire and also leads a number of symbolical dances by a ballet of girls selected for their talent and pulchritude.

When presented on the speaking stage, "The Blue Bird" required four hours. In the film, through multiple exposures, a complete version is shown with twice as much action in half the time. Lines that were merely spoken have been visualized in an elaborate manner, entailing the construction of massive settings. The mammoth studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation at Ft. Lee, ordinarily accommodating three or four producing companies, were occupied exclusively by "The Blue Bird" for several months.

While the five slant-eyed individuals who make up the "atmosphere" looked on in uncomprehending wonder, Mary Pickford jeopardized her \$10,000-a-week self by leaping very realistically from a rheumatic cable car of the Powell and Mason line at Mason Street and Broadway in San Francisco.

She wasn't hurt, of course, a fact which caused the "atmosphere" to question mutely with bland faces just what these insane Americans were about anyway. Then the Chinese turned their attention to the business in hand—that of earning the money which Director Marshall Neilan had just paid them to be effective "atmosphere."

"Atmosphere" in this case, is the business of lending a Chinatown tinge to the "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley," the San Francisco story which Mary Pickford and forty-two others of the Lasky Company are enacting in San Francisco. Mary's

indiscreet leap from the car is all a part of the "business" of being a successful "Amarilly" as pictured by Miss Frances Marion, the San Francisco girl, who is Miss Pickford's scenario writer.

"It sometimes seems hard for me to realize that I have been acting," says Elsie Ferguson, who has just completed "The Song of Songs" for Artcraft, and in which she interprets an exceedingly emotional part as Lily Kardos.

"When I was a beginner in emotional rôles I used to be perfectly exhausted after a performance. It seemed as if in the effort to make my points that I simply threw all my emotional and physical strength. Now that I have mastered the mechanics of my profession—mastered them, that is, so far as one can ever be said to master an art—it takes much less exertion and I find that I am not in the least bit exhausted physically.

"The effect, however, is much greater on the audience, with the slighter expenditure of effort on my part. It seems to me that it is the first understanding of the mechanics of the actor's art to know when to give a little with effect rather than a great deal without the knowledge of the correct way in which to create effects."

An example of the efforts that some producers are making to provide the best literary material obtainable for the screen is supplied in a list of authors now contributing to the Vitagraph program, a copy of which is given out by Albert E. Smith, president of the company. The list shows more than a score of the most popular fiction writers of this generation represented in Vitagraph pictures now booking in process of production or in preparation. They are:

Robert W. Chambers, Hamlin Garland, George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, Alfred Henry Lewis, O. Henry, James Oliver Curwood, Frederick Upham Adams, George Barr McCutcheon, Harold McGrath, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Edward Peple, Earle Derr Biggers, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Will Harben, Lowell Otis Reese, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mollie Elliott Seawell, Bayard Veiller, Florence Morse Kingsley, Frederick Arnold Kummer, Edith Ellis.

"To show how Mr. Smith's policy is working out," the statement continues, "it is only necessary to cite a few of the Vitagraph productions that have been made or are in the making from stories of famous creators of fiction works.

"The Girl Philippa," from the story of the same name by Robert W. Chambers, has proved one of the most beautiful and successful screen productions made in recent years. Other successful plays are "The Fettered Woman" and "Who Goes There?"



Gladys Brockwell looks as though she had been hypnotized—For references apply William Fox



A new acquisition to the "movies," and Bill Hart's coming rival—Fred Stone, who will appear in Paramount Pictures



Real pretty. It's Hedda Nova, new Vitagraph star, soon to appear in a startling serial



Nothing scares Kate Risdon—If you don't believe us you should see George Loane Tucker's splendid picture, "Mother," released by McClure Pictures



(Left)

Alma Rubens, Triangle star,
all wound 'round with "The
Gown of Destiny"

(Right)

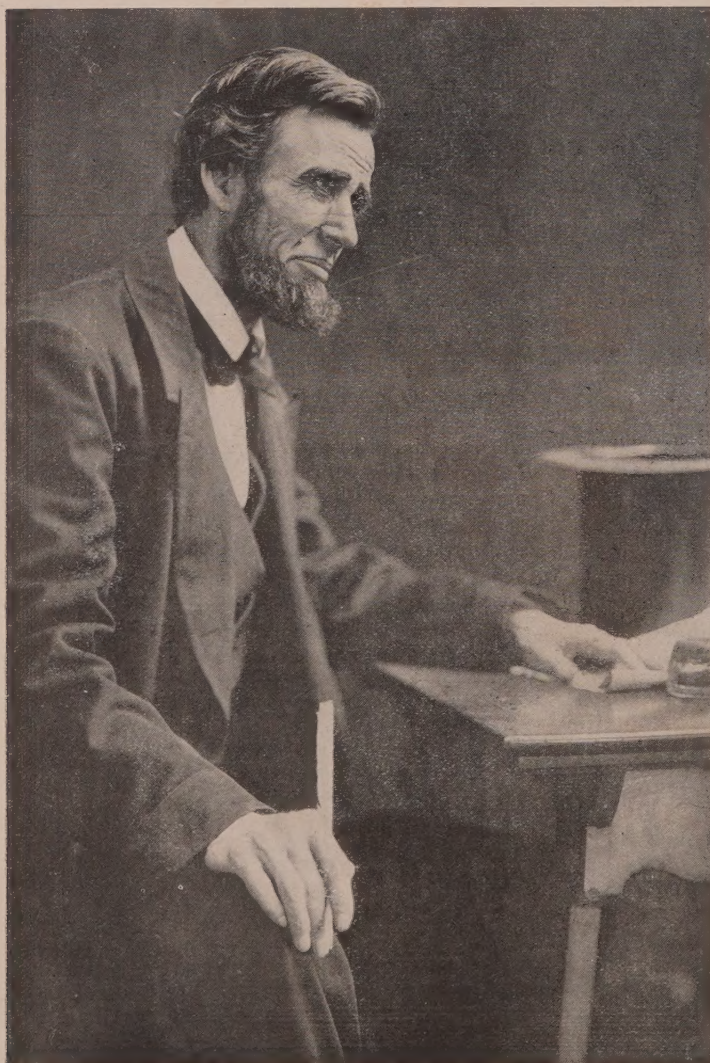
Edna Goodrich as she appears
in "Her Second Husband" for
the Mutual Film Corp.

(Lower Left)

A remarkable characterization
of Abraham Lincoln by Benja-
min Chapin, is portrayed in
"The Son of Democracy," a
Paramount release

(Lower Right)

William Farnum, wishing for
better days in a scene from
William Fox's film version of
"Les Miserables"



"Onyx"



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Hosiery



*Latest
designs and
colorings
for
Men and
Women
can be had
in "Onyx"*



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

*This trademark
identifies "Onyx" at good
shops everywhere*

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SOLE OWNERS OF "ONYX"
AND
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NEW YORK



GLUCK



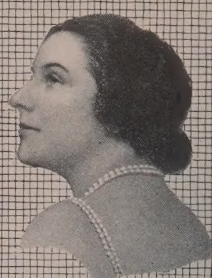
MELBA



CARUSO



GALLI-CURCI



FARRAR



MCCORMACK



SCHUMANN-HEINK



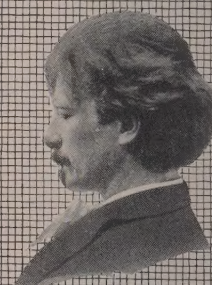
DELUCA



ELMAN



SOUSA



PADEREWSKI



HOMER



MARTINELLI



JASCHA HEIFETZ



HERBERT

Their Genius made them great- The Victrola makes them immortal

In France, genius is crowned by election to the French Academy. Members of this brotherhood of the great are known as the French Immortals. In the world of recorded music, there is a similar distinction in becoming a famous Victor artist. None but the chosen few can win this laurel.

The poet and the composer endure on the printed page, the painter on his eloquent canvas. The achievements of the statesman and the scientist remain as lasting monuments of their skill. But what of the famous singer, the actor who has endeared himself to thousands, the beloved artist whose magic bow, like the lute of Orpheus, has swayed and charmed the multitude? Is their divine fire to be forever quenched? Is their voice of gold to be forever silenced?

Before the Victrola, this was the tragic fact. Now great voices need never die, great music need never perish.

Mankind loves to crown a Genius. The artists whose portraits appear on this page have won the applause and affection of the public for the beauty, the comfort, the entertainment, and the uplift of their matchless art, as expressed upon the stage and to that far vaster, world-wide audience who knows them by their Victor Records. As long as there are ears to hear, their Victor Records will preserve their living, breathing emotions, their infectious laughter, the exquisite, tremulous notes of their inspired instruments. Their art cannot die.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victor Supremacy



To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice". It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.